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STORIES OF ART AND ARTISTS: ENGLISH PAINTERS.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.

WHEN Henry VIII. came to the throne of England, he was a magnificent prince. He loved pleasure and pomp and invited many foreign artists to his court. After a time, however, he became indifferent to art, and it is difficult to say whether he lessened or added to the art-treasures of England.

The long reign of Queen Elizabeth—forty-seven years—afforded great opportunity for the encouragement of art. But most of the painters whom she employed were foreigners.

King Charles I. was a true lover of art. Rubens and Vandyck were his principal painters, and Inigo Jones his architect; the choice of such artists proves the excellence of his artistic taste and judgment. He employed many other foreign artists, of whom it need only be said that the English artists profited much by their intercourse with them, as well as by the study of foreign pictures which the King purchased.

In fact, before the time of William Hogarth, portraits had been the only pictures of any importance which were painted by English artists, and no one painter had become very eminent. No native master had originated a manner of painting which he could claim as his own.

Hogarth was born near Ludgate Hill, London, in 1697.

In 1734, he produced some works which immediately made him famous. He had originated a manner of his own; he had neither attempted to illustrate the stories of Greek Mythology,

nor to invent allegories, as so many painters had done before him; he simply gave form to the nature that was all about him, and painted just what he could see in London every day. His pictures of this sort came to be almost numberless, and no rank in society, no phase of life, escaped the truthful representation of his brush.

He was a teacher as well as an artist, for his pictures dealt with familiar scenes and subjects and presented the lessons of the follies of his day with more effect upon the mass of the people than any writer could produce with his pen, or any preacher by his sermons.

Hogarth died at his house in Leicester Fields, on October 26, 1764.

His success aroused a strong faith and a new interest in the native art of England, which showed their results in the establishment of the Royal Academy of Arts. A little more than four years after Hogarth's death, this Academy was founded by King George III. The original members of the Academy numbered thirty-four, and among them was

JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

who afterward became its first president.

His father, Samuel Reynolds, was the rector of a grammar school at Plympton, in Devonshire, and in that little hamlet, on July 16, 1723, was born Joshua, the seventh of eleven children.

When Joshua was but a mere child, his father was displeased to find him devoted to drawing; on

a sketch which the boy had made, his father wrote: "This is drawn by Joshua in school, out of pure idleness." The child found the "Jesuit's Treatise on Perspective," and studied it with such intelligence that before he was eight years old he made a sketch of the school and its cloister which was so accurate that his astonished father exclaimed, "Now this justifies the author of the 'Perspective' when he says that, by observing the laws laid down in his book, a man may do wonders; for this is wonderful!"

When about twelve years old, Joshua, while in church, made a sketch upon his thumb-nail of the Rev. Thomas Smart. From this sketch, he painted his first picture in oils; his canvas was a piece of an old sail, his colors were common ship-paint, and he did his work in a boathouse on Cremyll Beach.

In 1740, when Joshua was seventeen years old, his father tried to carry out his plan to apprentice him to a druggist, but the boy was greatly opposed to this. He said, "I would prefer to be an apothecary rather than an *ordinary* painter; but if I could be bound to an eminent master, I should choose that." Fortunately Lord Edgewcombe and other friends advised the boy's father in his favor, and so Joshua was finally sent to London and bound to Thomas Hudson, then the best portrait painter in England. After two years, Hudson suddenly dismissed the youth from his studio, though his agreement was for four years; the master said that Joshua neglected his orders, but others believed Hudson to be jealous of his pupil's success.

Joshua returned to Devonshire and settled at Plymouth, five miles from his home. There he painted about thirty portraits of the principal persons of the neighborhood, at the price of three guineas each. One of these portraits, painted in 1746, was shown to him thirty years later, when he lamented that his progress in all that time had been so little.

At the home of his friend, Lord Edgewcombe, he had formed a friendship with the young Commodore Keppel, who in 1749 was ordered to the Mediterranean. He invited Reynolds to sail with him as his guest, and, the invitation being accepted, the painter did not return to England until the end of 1752. He visited Portugal, Spain, Algiers, Minorca, Italy, and France.

He kept diaries during this journey, which are very interesting and valuable; they contain many sketches of scenes and pictures which he admired, as well as his written opinions of all that he saw. Several of these diaries are in the Lenox Library, in New York; others are in the Soane Museum, London, and in the Museum of Berlin.

Not long after his return to England, Reynolds

settled himself in London. He lived in handsome rooms in St. Martin's Lane, and his sister Frances was his housekeeper.

Very soon Reynolds's studio came to be the popular resort of artists, and, through the influence of Lord Edgewcombe, many nobles became his patrons. He painted a full-length portrait of Commodore Keppel, which at once established his reputation. The Commodore was represented as standing on a rocky shore with a stormy sea in the background. This picture was received with enthusiasm, and in his second London year Reynolds had one hundred and twenty sitters, among whom were many notable people. The artist removed to Great Newport street, and charged twelve guineas for a bust, twenty-four guineas for half-length and double that sum for a full-length portrait.

Dr. Johnson and Reynolds met for the first time in 1753, and from that time they were faithful friends. Dr. Johnson delighted not only in Reynolds's success as a painter, but, perceiving his other talents, he insisted on his writing for *The Idler*, by which means the artist published a series of brilliant articles and made himself a name in literary circles. This kindness was more than repaid, for, after Dr. Johnson became too poor to keep house for himself, he was always welcome to the home and purse of Reynolds.

In 1760, the master again raised his prices for his work, and at about the same time established himself in the house in Leicester Square, in which he passed the remainder of his life. This house was very fine, and, though it exhausted all his savings to fit it up, he spent still more in setting up a gorgeous carriage for his sister, and in other expenses which served to advertise his success to all who observed them.

Reynolds seemed to have reached the height of popularity, when, in 1768, he was elected first President of the Royal Academy, and was knighted by the King. He was of great advantage to the Academy, and heartily devoted to its interests. He was active in establishing its schools and equipping them with models, libraries, and conveniences for study; he gave much attention to its exhibitions, and founded the famous Academy dinners, at which men of rank and genius were brought together in such a way as to render these occasions the most remarkable gatherings in the United Kingdom. From time to time he also delivered his well-known "Discourses on Art," which are notable alike for the good judgment in the selection of the subjects treated, and for the literary skill with which they are written.

About 1770, Sir Joshua built a villa at Richmond Hill. In the same year, he spent a month in Plympton, and at that time also, he brought to

his home his niece, Theophila Palmer, who remained with him until her marriage, eleven years later. She was very beautiful, and is known to all the world as the "Offy" of the famous "Strawberry Girl." Other pictures of her which Sir Joshua painted also became famous.

With the exception of the trip with Commodore Keppel Sir Joshua spent little time out of England. In 1768 he visited Paris, and in 1780 he passed two months in Holland and Germany. When absent from London, he was usually at the house of some friend in the country, or at his old home, of which he was always fond.

stature, Sir Joshua Reynolds was rather under the middle size, of a florid complexion, roundish, blunt features, and a lively aspect; not corpulent, though somewhat inclined to it, but extremely active; with manners uncommonly polished and agreeable. In conversation, his manner was perfectly natural, simple, and unassuming. He most heartily enjoyed his profession, in which he was both famous and illustrious; and I agree with Mr. Malone, who says he appeared to him to be the happiest man he had ever known."

In 1789, Sir Joshua lost the sight of his left eye, and though this changed his whole life, he retained



COPY OF A PORTRAIT BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Few men have been so much admired by such a diversity of people as was Sir Joshua Reynolds. The testimony of his friends presents him to us as a man of admirable character. Perhaps no one knew him more intimately than James Northcote, who was received into his family as a poor Devonshire lad; he remained with Sir Joshua five years, and left him a prosperous painter. Northcote found him kindly, modest, and lovable in every way. He thus describes him personally: "In his

his calm cheerfulness, and occupied his mind with the exciting topics of the time; for it happened that the storming of the Bastille occurred in the very week in which he gave up his pencil. He still used his brush a very little to finish or retouch works which were still on his hands, but he sadly said: "There is now an end of pursuit; the race is over, whether it is lost or won."

In 1790, troubles arose in the Academy, and Sir Joshua felt himself so badly used that he resigned

his presidency and his membership of the institution. The King requested him to return, but he refused until the Academy publicly apologized to him. He then resumed his office, and in December delivered his final discourse.

The remainder of his life was a gradual decline; his sight grew weaker, and his strength less, until February 23, 1792, when he died easily, never having suffered much pain. The King directed

near the choir of the cathedral, and a Latin inscription recounts the talents and virtues of the great man whom it commemorates.

Having thus traced the story of Sir Joshua's life, it now remains to speak of him more especially as an artist.

His highest fame is as a portrait painter, and as such he was a great genius. He had the power to reproduce the personal peculiarities of his subjects



THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE. (FROM A PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.)

that his body should lie in state in the Academy rooms in Somerset House. The funeral was grand and solemn; the pall-bearers were dukes, marquises, earls, and lords; ninety-one carriages followed the hearse, in which were the first nobles, scholars, and prelates of the realm, with all the members and students of the Academy. He was buried near Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Cathedral, where Vandyck had already been laid, and where, in later years, a goodly number of painters have been buried around him. In 1813, a statue, by Flaxman, was erected to his memory

with great exactness; he was also able to perceive their qualities of temper, mind, and character, and he made his portraits so vivid with these attributes that they were likenesses of the minds as well as of the persons of his subjects. In his portrait of Goldsmith, self-esteem is as prominent as the nose; passion and energy are in every line of Burke's face and figure; and whenever his subject possessed any individual characteristics, they were plainly shown in Reynolds's portraits. So many of these pictures are famous that we can not speak of them in detail. Perhaps no one portrait is better known

than that of the famous actress, Mrs. Sarah Siddons, as the Tragic Muse. It is a noble example of an idealized portrait, and it is said that the "Isaiah" of Michael Angelo suggested the manner in which it is painted. Sir Thomas Lawrence declared this to be the finest portrait of a woman in the world, and it is certain that this one picture would have made any painter famous. Sir Joshua inscribed his name on the border of the robe, and courteously explained to the lady, "I could not lose the honor this opportunity afforded me of going down to posterity on the hem of your garment."

The original of this work is said to be that in the gallery of the Duke of Westminster; a second is in the Dulwich Gallery. In speaking of Sir Joshua as a portrait painter, Mr. Ruskin says: "Considered as a painter of individuality in the human form and mind, I think him the prince of portrait painters. Titian paints nobler pictures, and Vandyck had nobler subjects, but neither of them entered so subtly as Sir Joshua did into the minor varieties of heart and temper."

His portraits of simply beautiful women can scarcely be equaled in the world. He perfectly reproduced the delicate grace and beauty of some of his sitters and the brilliant, dazzling charms of others. He loved to paint richly hued velvets in contrast with rare laces, ermine, feathers, and jewels. It is a regret that so many of his works are faded, but after all we must agree with Sir George Beaumont, when he said: "Even a faded picture from him will be the finest thing you can have."

The most attractive of his works are his pictures of children. It is true that they too are portraits, but they are often represented in some fancy part, such as the "Strawberry Girl,"* a portrait of his niece Offy; Muscipula, who holds a mouse-trap; the Little Marchioness; the Girl with a Mob-cap, and many others. He loved to paint pictures of boys in all sorts of characters, street-peddlers, gipsies, cherubs, and so on. He often picked up boy models in the street and painted from them in his spare hours, between his appointments with sitters. Sometimes he scarcely hustled a beggar boy out of his chair in time for some grand lady to seat herself in it. It is said that one day one of these children fell asleep in so graceful an attitude that the master seized a fresh canvas and made a sketch of it; this was scarcely done, when the child threw himself into a different pose without awakening. Sir Joshua added a second sketch to the first and from these made his

beautiful picture of "The Babes in the Wood." More than two hundred of his pictures of children have been engraved, and these plates form one of the loveliest collections that can be made from the works of any one artist.

When Sir Joshua was at the height of his power, he was accustomed to receive six sitters a day, and he often completed a portrait in four hours.

Good prints from his works are now becoming rare and are valuable.

As we close this account of Sir Joshua Reynolds, it is pleasant to remember that so great a man was so good a man, and to believe that Burke did not flatter him when, in his eulogy, he said: "In full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in art and by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candor never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse."

RICHARD WILSON

was another original member of the Academy, and though not the first English artist who had painted landscapes, he was the first whose pictures merited the honorable recognition which they now have. Wilson's story is a sad one; he was not appreciated while he lived, and his whole life was saddened by seeing the works of foreign artists, which were inferior to his own, sold for good prices, while he was forced to sell his to pawnbrokers, who, it is said, could not dispose of them at any price.

Wilson was the son of a clergyman and was born at Pinegas, in Montgomeryshire, in 1713. He first painted portraits and earned money with which, in 1749, he went to Italy, where he remained six years. His best works were Italian views, and he is now considered as the best landscape painter of his day, with the one exception of Gainsborough.

Wilson died in 1782, and it is pleasant to know that after more than sixty years of poverty he received a legacy from a brother, and the last two years of his life were years of peaceful comfort.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH,

though a great artist, had an uneventful life. He was the son of a clothier and was born in Sudbury, in Suffolk, in 1727. His boyish habit of wandering about the woods and streams of Suffolk, making

* An engraving of this picture was given as the frontispiece of ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1876; and our readers will remember also the account of Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of "Little Penelope Boothby" in ST. NICHOLAS for November, 1875, illustrated with a full-page reproduction of the painting.—ED.

sketches, and finding in this his greatest pleasure, induced his father to send him to London to study art, when about fifteen years old. He studied first under a French engraver, Gravelot, who was of much advantage to him; next he was a pupil of Francis Hayman at the Academy, in St. Martin's Lane, but Nature was his real teacher.

After a time he settled in Hatton Square, and painted both portraits and landscapes. But at the end of four years of patient work, his patrons were so few that he left London and returned to Sudbury.

It happened that once when he was sketching a wood-scene, Margaret Burr had crossed his line of sight; he had added her figure to his picture, and from this circumstance they had come to be friends. Soon after, Gainsborough returned to his home, and Margaret became his wife. He was careless and unthrift, while she was quite the reverse. She was thus a true helpmate to him, and to her carefulness we owe the preservation of many of his pictures.

After his marriage, Gainsborough settled in Ipswich; in 1760 he removed to Bath, and here both in portraits and landscapes he made such a reputation, that when, fourteen years later, he removed to London, he was considered the rival of Reynolds in portraits and of Wilson as a painter of scenery. Gainsborough was one of the original Academicians, and on one occasion at a gathering of artists, Sir Joshua Reynolds proposed the health of Gainsborough, and called him "the greatest landscape painter of the day." Wilson, who was present, was piqued by this, and exclaimed:

"Yes, and the greatest portrait painter, too."

Sir Joshua realized that he had been ungracious and apologized to Wilson.

Gainsborough exhibited many works in the gallery of the Academy, but in 1783 he was offended by the hanging of one of his portraits, and refused to send his pictures there afterward. He was an impulsive, passionate man, and he had several disputes with Sir Joshua, who always admired and praised the work of his rival. But when about to die, Gainsborough sent for Reynolds to visit him, and all their differences were healed. The truth was that they had always respected and admired each other. The last words of Gainsborough were:

"We are all going to heaven, and Vandyck is of the company."

He died August 2, 1788.

The celebrated "Blue Boy," by Gainsborough, now in the Grosvenor Gallery, is said to have been painted to spite Sir Joshua, who had said that blue should not be used in masses.

But there was a soft and lovable side to this

wayward man. His love for music was a passion, and he once gave a painting of his, "The Boy at the Stile," to Colonel Hamilton as a reward for his playing the flute.

His portraits may be thought to have too much of a bluish gray in the flesh tints, but they are always graceful and pleasing. In 1876, his famous painting "The Duchess of Devonshire" was sold for the exceptionally high price of fifty thousand dollars.

GEORGE ROMNEY

was born at Beckside, in Cumberland, in 1734. His life was very discreditable.

It is more pleasant to speak of his pictures, for his portraits were so fine that he was a worthy rival to Sir Joshua Reynolds. His pictures are mostly in private galleries, but that of the beautiful Lady Hamilton, in the National Gallery, is a famous work. He was ambitious to paint historical subjects, and some of his imaginary pictures are much admired. He was fitful in his art, and he began so many works which he left unfinished, that they were finally removed from his studio by cart-loads. There was also an incompleteness in the pictures which he called finished; in short, the want of steadfastness, which made him an unfaithful husband and father, went far to lessen his artistic merit. At the same time, it is true that he was a great artist and justly celebrated in his best days; his works excel in vigorous drawing and brilliant, transparent color. His pictures are rarely sold, and are as valuable as those of his great contemporaries, Reynolds and Gainsborough.

THOMAS LAWRENCE

is the only other portrait painter of whom mention need be made here. He was born at Bristol, in 1769, and much of his work belongs to our own century.

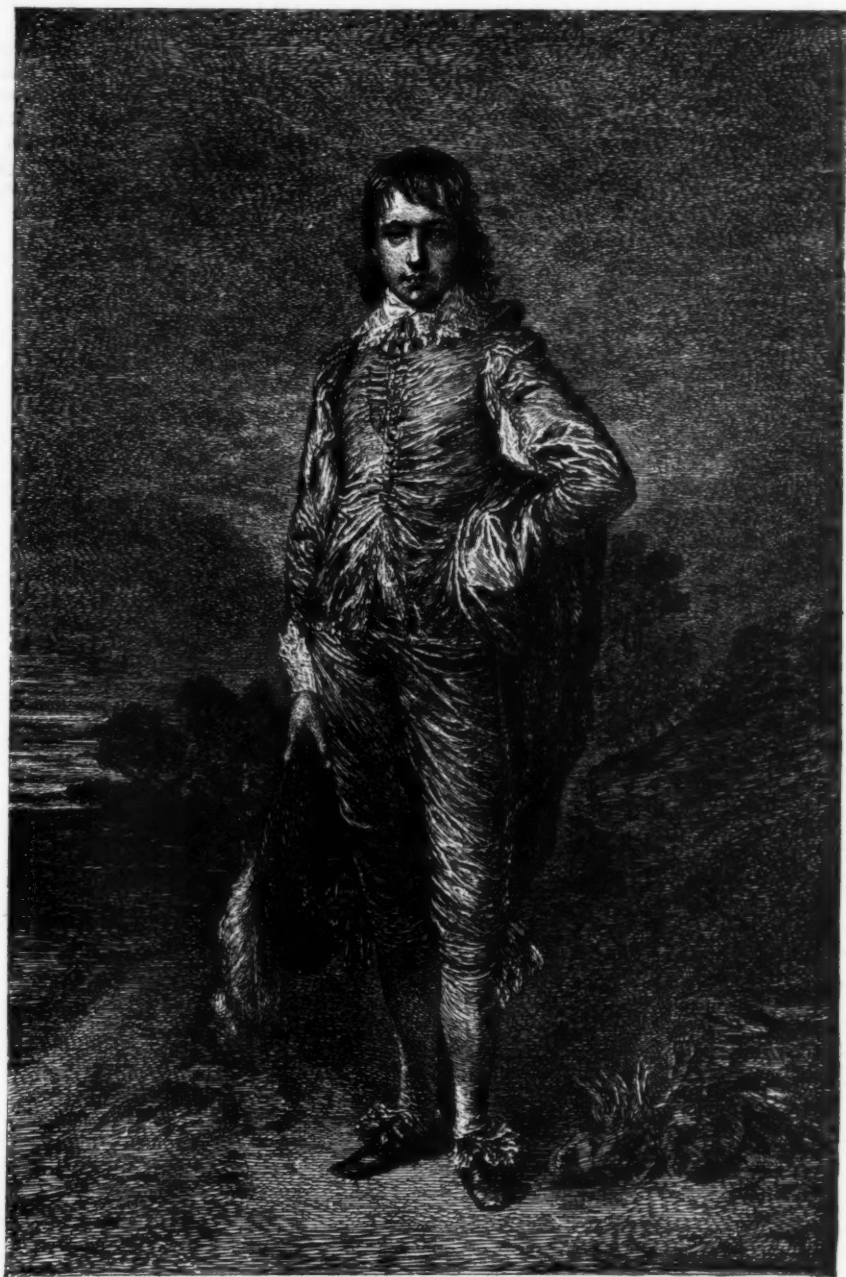
His father had been trained for the law, but had become an inn-keeper. When a mere child, Thomas entertained his father's customers by his recitations, and took their portraits with equal readiness.

When he was ten years old, his family removed to Oxford, where he rapidly improved in his drawing. When he first saw a picture by Rubens he wept bitterly and sobbed out:

"Oh, I shall never be able to paint like that!"

In 1785, he received a silver palette from the Society of Arts as a reward for a copy of Raphael's "Transfiguration," which he had made when but thirteen years old.

In 1787, the young painter entered the Royal



"THE BLUE BOY." (AFTER THE PAINTING BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH. BY PERMISSION, FROM A FAC-SIMILE OF THE ETCHING BY RAJON, PUBLISHED BY "L'ART.")

Academy, London, and from that time his course was one of repeated successes. Sir Joshua Reynolds was his friend and adviser; he early attracted the attention of the King and Queen, whose portraits he painted when but twenty-two years old. He was elected to the Academy in 1794; after Sir Joshua's death he was appointed painter to the King; he was knighted in 1815, and five years later he was elected president of the Academy. He was

But all this did him little good, for somehow he was continually in debt and always poor.

In 1814 he visited Paris, but he was recalled that he might paint the portraits of the allied sovereigns, their statesmen, and generals. These works were the first of the series of portraits of great men in the Waterloo Chamber at Windsor Castle. In 1818 he attended the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, for the purpose of adding portraits of notable



COPY OF A PORTRAIT BY GEORGE ROMNEY.

also a member of many foreign academies and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Rarely is the path to honor and fame made so easy as it was to Sir Thomas Lawrence.

His London life was brilliant. His studio was crowded with sitters, and money flowed into his purse in a generous stream,—for his prices were larger than any other English painter had asked.

people to the gallery of the Prince-Regent. At length he was sent to Rome to paint a likeness of the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi. He seems to have been inspired with new strength by his nearness to the works of the great masters in the Eternal City, for those two portraits are in merit far beyond his previous work, and after his return to England from 1820 to 1830, his pictures had a vigor and

worth that was wanting at every other period of his life. While in Rome, he also painted a portrait of Canova which he presented to the Pope.

When he reached London, he found himself to be the president-elect of the Academy; it was a great honor, and Lawrence accepted it with modesty.

George IV., following the example of the graciousness of Charles I. toward Vanduyck, hung upon the painter's neck a gold chain bearing a medal, on which the likeness of his majesty was engraved. In the catalogue of the Academy, 1820, Lawrence is called "Principal Painter in Ordinary to his Majesty, Member of the Roman Academy of St. Luke's, of the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence, and of the Fine Arts in New York." To the last he had been elected in 1818, and had sent to the academy a full-length portrait of Benjamin West.

From that time on, there is little to relate of his life, except that he was always busy and each year sent eight fine works to the Academy Exhibition. His friends and patrons showed him much consideration, and various honors were added to his list, already long. He was always worried in regard to money matters, and he grieved much over the illness of his favorite sister, but there was no striking event to change the even current of his life.

On January 7, 1830, he expired suddenly, exclaiming, "This is dying,"—almost the same words used by George IV., a few months later.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was a man of fine personal qualities; his generosity may be called his greatest fault, for his impulses led him to give more than he had—a quality which causes us to admire a man while at the same moment it makes him guilty of grave faults.

He was always generous to unfortunate artists and, in that way, he spent large sums. He was also true to his ideas of right and wrong, even at the expense of his own advantage.

As an artist, Lawrence can not be given a very high rank, in spite of the immense successes of his life. As in every case, there are opposite opinions concerning him. He has hearty admirers, but he is also accused of mannerisms and weakness. His early works are the most satisfactory, because most natural; they are good in design, and rich in color.

JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER

was an artist of great genius, and has exercised a powerful influence on the art of the nineteenth century. He was the son of a barber, and was born in Maiden Lane, London (a squalid alley in the parish of Covent Garden), on April 23, 1775.

When the boy was five years old, he was taken by his father to the house of a customer of the barber's, and while the shaving and combing went on, the child studied the figure of a rampant lion engraved upon a piece of silver. After his return home, he drew a copy of the lion so excellent that it decided his career, for then and there the father determined that his son should be an artist. As a child and youth, he was always sketching, and while he was fond of nature in all her features he yet had a preference for water views with boats and cliffs and shining waves.

In 1789, when fourteen years old, he entered the classes of the Royal Academy, where he worked hard in drawing from Greek models. He had the good fortune to be employed by Dr. Munro to do some copying and other works, and by this stroke of luck he revelled in the fine pictures and valuable drawings with which the house of his patron was filled. Toward the end of Sir Joshua Reynolds's life, Turner was a frequent visitor at his studio.

In 1790, he sent his first contribution to the Academy Exhibition; it was a view of Lambeth Palace, in water-colors. During the next ten years, he exhibited more than sixty works, embracing a great variety of subjects. The pictures included views from more than twenty-six counties of England and Wales.

In 1802, he was made a full member of the Academy and he also visited the continent for the first time, traveling through France and Switzerland only. He visited Italy in 1819, in 1829, and again in 1840.

The pictures of Turner are often compared with those of Claude Lorraine, and at times he painted in rivalry with Cuypp, Poussin, and Claude, aiming to adopt the manner of these masters.

In 1806, Turner followed the example of the great Lorraine in another direction. Claude had made a *Liber Veritatis*, or "Book of Truth," containing sketches of his finished pictures, in order that the works of other painters could not be sold as his. Turner determined to make a *Liber Studiorum*, or "Book of Studies." It was issued in a series of twenty numbers, containing five plates each, and the subscription price was £17.10s. There were endless troubles with the engravers and it was not paying well, and was abandoned after seventy plates were issued. It seemed to be so worthless that Charles Turner, one of the engravers, used some of the proofs for kindling paper. After the artist became famous, however, this *Liber Studiorum* grew to be very valuable. Before Turner died, a copy was worth thirty guineas, and more recently a single copy has brought three thousand pounds, or nearly fifteen thousand dollars. Colnaghi, the London print dealer, paid

Charles Turner fifteen hundred pounds for the proofs which he had not destroyed; and when the old engraver remembered how he had lighted his fires, he exclaimed, "I have been burning bank-notes all my life."

Turner grew very rich, but he lived in a mean,

was that of a very common person, and it is impossible to understand how a man who so admired the beautiful in nature could live in so miserly a manner as that of Turner.

Some time before his death, Turner seemed to be hiding himself; his friends could not discover his



COUNTESS GREY AND CHILDREN. (FROM A PORTRAIT BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.)

careless style. As long as his father lived, he waited upon his great son as a servant might have done; and after his death, an untidy, wizened old woman, Mrs. Danby, was the only person to care for the house or the interests of the painter. His dress

retreat, until, at last, his old housekeeper traced him to a dingy Chelsea cottage. When his friends went to him, he was dying, and the end soon came. His funeral, from Queen Anne street, was an imposing one. The body was taken to St.

Paul's Cathedral, and there, surrounded by a large company of artists and followed by the faithful old woman, it was laid to rest between the tombs of Sir Joshua Reynolds and James Barry. His estate was valued at about seven hundred thousand dollars and he desired that most of it should be used to establish a home for poor artists, to be called Turner's Gift. But the will was not clearly written—his relatives contested it, and in the end, his pictures and drawings were given to the National Academy; one thousand pounds was devoted to a monument to his memory; twenty thousand pounds established the Turner Fund in the Academy and yields annuities to six poor artists; and the remainder was divided amongst his kinsfolk.

Perhaps there never was a painter about whose works more extreme and conflicting opinions have been advanced. Some of his admirers claim for him the very highest place in art. His enemies can see nothing good in his works and say that they may as well be hung one side up as another, since they are only a mixture of splashes of color, and lights and shades. Neither extreme is correct. In some respects, Turner is at the head of English landscape painters, and no other artist has had the power to paint so many different kinds of subjects or to employ such variations of style in his work. His water-colors are worthy of the highest praise; indeed, he created a school of water-color painting. At the same time, it is proper to say that the works executed in his latest period are not even commended by Ruskin,—his most enthusiastic admirer,—and are not to be classed with those of his earlier days and his best manner.

This master was so fruitful, and he made so vast a number of pictures in oil and water-colors, of drawings, and of splendid illustrations for books, that we have no space in which to speak properly of the different periods of his art. A large and fine collection of his paintings is in the South Kensington Museum; "The Old Temeraire," the picture which he would never sell, is there. "The Slave Ship," one of his finest pictures, is owned in Boston, and other celebrated works of his are in New York; but most of his pictures, outside the South Kensington Museum, and the National Gallery, are in private collections, where no catalogues have ever been made, so that no estimate of the whole number can be given.

I shall tell you of but one more English painter,—an artist whose life and works are both very interesting, and of whom all young people must be fond,—

EDWIN LANDSEER.

He was the youngest of the three sons of John Landseer, the eminent engraver, and was born at

No. 83 Queen Anne street, London, in March, 1802. The eldest son, Thomas, followed the profession of his father, and in later years, by his faithful engraving after the works of Edwin, he did much to confirm the great fame of his younger brother. Charles, the second son of John Landseer, was a painter of historical subjects, and held the office of Keeper of the Royal Academy during twenty years.

Edwin Landseer had the good fortune to be aided and encouraged in his artistic tastes and studies, even from his babyhood, for there are now in the South Kensington Museum, sketches of animals made in his fifth year, and good etchings which he did when eight years old.

John Landseer taught his son to look to nature alone as his model. When fourteen, he entered the Academy schools, and divided his time between drawing in the classes and sketching from the wild beasts at Exeter Change. He was a handsome, manly boy, and the keeper, Fuseli, was very fond of him, calling him, as a mark of affection, "My little dog boy."

He was very industrious and painted many pictures; the best of those known as his early works is the "Cat's Paw." It represents a monkey using the paw of a cat to push hot chestnuts from the top of a heated stove; the struggles of the cat are useless and her kittens mew to no purpose. This picture was once sold for one hundred pounds; it is now in the collection of the Earl of Essex, at Cashiobury, and is worth more than three thousand pounds. It was painted in 1822.

Sir Walter Scott was in London when the "Cat's Paw" was exhibited, and he was so pleased by the picture that he sought out the young painter and invited him to go home with him. Sir Walter's well-known love of dogs was a foundation for the intimate affection which grew up between himself and Landseer. In 1824, the painter first saw Scotland, and during fifty years he studied its people, its scenery, and its customs; he loved them all and could ever draw new subjects and new enthusiasm from the breezy north. Sir Walter wrote in his journal, "Landseer's dogs are the most magnificent things I ever saw, leaping and bounding and grinning all over the canvas." The friendship of Sir Walter had a great effect upon the young painter; it developed the imagination and romance in his nature and he was affected by the human life of Scotland so that he painted the shepherd, the gillie, and the poacher, and made his pictures speak the tenderness and truth as well as the fearlessness and the hardihood of the Gaelic race.

Landseer remained in the home of his father, until he was a person of such importance that his friends felt that his dignity demanded a separate

establishment and urged this upon him. He could not lightly sever his home ties, and it was after much hesitation that he removed to No. 1 St. John's Wood Road, where he passed the remainder of his life. He named his home "Maida Vale," in remembrance of the favorite dog of Sir Walter Scott. It was a small house with a garden and a barn, which he converted into a studio; from time to time he enlarged and improved it, and it became the resort of a distinguished circle of people who learned to love it for its generous hospitality and its atmosphere of joyous content.

The best period of Landseer's life was from 1824 to 1840. In the latter year, he had the first attack of a disease from which he was never again entirely free; he suffered from seasons of depression that shadowed all his life with gloom, and at times almost threatened the loss of his reason.

It is said that Landseer was the first person who opened a communication between Queen Victoria and the literary and artistic society of England. Be that as it may, he was certainly the first artist to be received as a friend by the Queen, who soon placed him on an unceremonious and easy footing in her household.

He was a frequent visitor at the royal palaces and received many rich gifts from both Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. Between 1835 and 1866, he painted a great many pictures of the Queen, of the various members of her family and of the pets of the royal household. In 1850 he was knighted and was at the very height of his popularity and success.

With the single exception of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he visited and received in his own house more distinguished persons than any other British artist. He was the intimate friend of Dickens, Chantrey, Sidney Smith, and other famous men.

Landseer had an extreme fondness for studying and making pictures of lions, and from the time when, as a boy, he dissected one, he tried to obtain the body of every lion that died in London. Dickens was in the habit of relating that on one occasion, when he and others were dining with the artist, a servant entered and asked, "Did you order a lion, sir?" as if it was the most natural thing in the world. The guests feared that a living lion was about to enter, but it turned out to be the body of the dead "Nero," of the Zoological Gardens, which had been sent as a gift to Sir Edwin.

His skill in drawing was marvelous, and was once shown in a rare way at a large evening party. Facility in drawing had been the theme of conversation, when a lady declared that no one had yet drawn two objects at the same moment. Landseer would not allow that this could not be done, and

immediately took two pencils and drew a horse's head with one hand and at the same time, a stag's head with the other hand. He painted with great rapidity; he once sent to the exhibition a picture of rabbits painted in three-quarters of an hour. Mr. Wells relates that at one time when Landseer was visiting him, he left the house for church just as his butler placed a fresh canvas on the easel before the painter; on his return, three hours later, Landseer had completed a life-sized picture of a fallow-deer, and so well was it done that neither he nor the artist could see that it required retouching.

Several portraits of Landseer exist and are well known, but that called the "Connoisseurs," painted in 1865 for the Prince of Wales, is of great interest. Here the artist has painted a half-length portrait of himself engaged in drawing, while two dogs look over his shoulders with a critical expression.

In 1840, Landseer made a quite extended tour in Europe, and that was the only time that he was long absent from Great Britain. In 1853, several of his works were sent to the Exposition in Paris; he was the only English artist who received the great gold medal.

Sir Edwin Landseer was also a sculptor, and though he executed but few works in this art, the colossal lions at the base of Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar Square, London, are a triumph for him. He was chosen for this work on account of his great knowledge of the "king of beasts."

At his death he had modeled but one; the others were copied from it under the care of the Baron Marochetti.

Sir Edwin continued to work in spite of sadness, failing health and sight, and in the last year of his life he executed four pictures, one being an equestrian portrait of the Queen.

He died October 1, 1873, and was buried with many honors in St. Paul's Cathedral. He left a property of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds; the pictures and drawings in his studio were sold for seventy thousand pounds, and all this large sum, with the exception of a few small bequests, was given to his brother Thomas and his three sisters, ten thousand pounds being given to his brother Charles.

I suppose that many of the pictures of Sir Edwin Landseer are well known to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS. "High Life" and "Low Life," "A Highland Breakfast," "Dignity and Impudence," the "Cat's Paw," "The Monarch of the Glen," the "Piper and Nutcrackers," and others, are familiar in the form of prints to many people in many lands, and they are pictures which all must love. It is needless to add any long opinion of the artistic qualities of this master; the critic Hamerton has

happily summed up an estimate of him in these words: "Everything that can be said about Landseer's knowledge of animals, and especially of dogs, has already been said. There was never very much to say, for there was no variety of opinions, and nothing to discuss. Critics may write volumes of controversy about Turner and Delacroix, but

Landseer's merits are so obvious to every one that he stood in no need of critical explanations. The best commentators on Landseer, the best defenders of his genius, are the dogs themselves; and so long as there exist terriers, deer-hounds, and blood-hounds, his fame will need little assistance from writers upon art."



ONE OF THE LANDSEER LIONS AT THE BASE OF THE NELSON MONUMENT, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE.

ALL in the bleak December weather,
When north winds blow,
Five little clovers lay warm together
Under the snow.

"Wait," said they, "till the robins sing;
Wait, till the blossoms bud and spring;
Wait, till the rain and the sunbeams gay
Our winter blanket shall fold away —
Then, we will try to grow."

All in the fragrant May-time weather,
When south winds blow,
Five little clovers crept close together
Under the snow.
Poor, pink babies! They might have known
'T was only the pear-tree blossoms blown
By the frolic breeze; but they cried, "Oh, dear!
Surely the spring is late this year!
Still, we will try to grow."

All in the sultry August weather,
When no winds blow,
Five little clovers were sad together
Under the snow.

'T was only the daisies waving white
Above their heads in the glowing light;
But they cried, "Will we never understand?
It always snows in this fairyland —
Yet, we will try to grow."

All in the bright September weather,
When west winds blow,
Five little clovers were glad together
Under the snow.

For now 't was the muslin kerchief cool,
Of a dear little lass on her way to school.
"The sweetest snow-fall of all," said they;
"We knew our reward would come some day,
If only we 'd try to grow!"

NAN'S REVOLT.

BY ROSE LATTIMORE ALLING.

CHAPTER V.



THE Ferris tea-table was a very cheery board, where good spir- its of a most delightful and commendable kind flowed freely. The stiff and solemn Wilders, who "partook of the joys of life furtively," were inclined to be scandalized. Who cared? Not the Ferrises, and so, as has been said, that happy family enjoyed life despite their critical neighbors, and as they all gathered about the scarlet cloth that evening, they looked like a band that ought never to be broken.

Fun and laughter ran so high that the dear, tired father forgot his legal cares and cracked his jokes. These were more or less bad,—but what matter so long as the children thought him "just the darlingest, funniest man in the world." No guest remained long in that genial atmosphere without discovering the source of this sunny family-life, and the true tendency of the current beneath all the froth and ripple of the nonsense.

From father and mother, down to little Claire, it was a family of *friends*. That was the entire secret. There were no petty animosities, no bickerings; everything was open and above-board. Sincere and loving confidence bound them together. The girls were interested in all their father's cases in court; while he, in turn, listened to all their girlish performances with undivided attention. No new gown or hat was completely satisfactory until he had passed a favorable judgment. Here in his own small court he was "Judge Ferris," in that title's noblest sense. And the mother? She was best sister of all among her daughters,— "Mother and sister and queen,— all in one precious little woman," as Nan said, lifting her off her feet with a vigorous embrace.

But the toast was getting cold, and the festivity began as the plates went 'round. The judicial wrinkles in Mr. Ferris's forehead were pulled out by those radiating from the outer corners of his kind eyes; the mother utterly lost her authority as the mirth rose to a gale; and nobody paid the slightest attention to Lou's request for the honey.

"Nan," said Mrs. Ferris, laughing, "you are the only one who is n't behaving outrageously, so please attend to your sister's wants." But her observant eye did not leave her daughter's thought-

ful face, and she asked, during a purely accidental lull in the chatter,— for she sympathized even with moods in her children:—"What is it, dear; what are you thinking about? You seem to be taking the butter-dish into your confidence—we are jealous."

Nan drew her eyes away, and, giving her mother a bright look, she answered: "Why, I was thinking of the time, before we went to boarding-school, when Papa called Evelyn and me to him and asked us which we would rather have him do, scrimp us all our lives on advantages and education, so that he could lay up something for our future, or, instead of dowry or legacy, have our money as we went along, depending upon our ability for the future."

"And we voted as a single man, did n't we?" said Evelyn.

"We did that same, Evelyn; we decided that we wanted but little here below, but that we wanted that little right away!"

"And I recall how magnanimously you promised to share my last crust with me," said Mr. Ferris, hitching Nan's chair nearer to him.

"Yes," continued she, "I'll never desert you. But I was going to say that I don't think I have kept my part of the agreement. You have given me advantages which even richer girls have not had, and I have not done a thing with them yet. I have had a whole year of idleness, and I'm tired of it, and want to go to work."

The family had heard something of this independent mood before, but, as nothing alarming came of it, they received this announcement without any demonstration of surprise; indeed, Mr. Ferris attended to the dissolution of the sugar in his second cup of tea before looking up, and then he said, "Yes?" with a slowly rising inflection.

"Yes!" came from Nan with a short downward one; "Yes, sir, and I have a plan this time, and wish to consult my beloved family before doing anything rash."

"So that you can do it afterward with a clear conscience, I suppose?" ventured her father, wickedly.

"No, I shall do something a hundred times rasher if you oppose this plan, for it is the least revolutionary thing I can think of."

"Well?"—said her father, inquiringly.

"You know how hard Aunt Hettie has tried to induce one of us to come down to New York and

spend the winter with her and Uncle Nat, and how we have all begged off because they live so quietly and so far up town, we thought we should simply stagnate? I should like to go there this

"Oh, never mind that, dear child," Mr. Ferris said lovingly.

"Yes, I *will* mind! That is just what makes us girls so good-for-nothing;—we don't 'mind'

enough! I really think it would be fun to actually *need* a new dress and know I could n't have it until I *earned* it—buttons, whale-bones, and braid. Anyhow, if it were not fun, it would be good for my character. Now what do you all think?" and Nan helped herself to cake, observing that the others had finished theirs.

Mr. Ferris, heaving an involuntary sigh, began:

"Well, dear, as you know, your mother and I consider it our duty to bring up our girls so that each can, if the necessity should come, earn her own living; and perhaps the time is here for one to fly out of the nest to try her wings,—ah, me!"

"But that is just what I don't want to do; and one reason I hit upon this plan is that it will take me away from home only one winter, perhaps, and then not among strangers," said Nan.

"But," objected Mr. Ferris, "do you know anything about this school?"

"The Cooper Institute? I should think so. Why, it was reading about this particular branch of decorative art in the newspaper,

the other day, that made me think of it."

"Then, little girl," he said fondly, "I think I am pleased with your plan."

When they were all grouped before the fire, and Mr. Ferris had drawn Nan close to him, as though somehow he were about to lose her, Evelyn took her mother's hand in hers and began:

"Papa, don't think I am going to do nothing; I am not like Nan, nor can I do the things she can; but I try to believe each has a special talent, and if I have a passion, it is for housekeeping; and Mother and I have a lovely plan!" And



NAN FOUND CATHY FILLING A FIREPLACE WITH GOLDEN-ROD. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

winter, not, I blush to say, for their sakes alone, but because I wish to study."

"What! study more?" groaned Lou, who was only fourteen, and in the toils of cube-root.

"Yes, study more," asserted Nan. "I want to take a course of lessons in a school of design, for I think I may do something in that line that may pay, after a while. Now, observe the latent beauty of my scheme. By spending the winter with them, I shan't need any new clothes—which means that I intend to pay for my lessons out of my own allowance."

those two exchanged a laughing glance of great portent.

Anything like secrecy immediately aroused in the Ferris family the most vehement denunciation.

"What *do* you mean?" demanded the chorus.

"Well, then, Mother has n't the slightest idea what we are going to have for breakfast to-morrow morning, because *I* am the housekeeper of this house, and I am going to buy everything and plan everything, and pay all the bills,—with a little pecuniary aid from you, Papa,—and make a study of beef and poultry, while Mother is going to do fancy-work and read French novels. But I am only going to learn to do well what ninety-nine girls out of every hundred have to do,—so there!"

"Splendid! splendid!" shouted Mr. Ferris, going over to this oldest of the flock and taking her face lovingly between his hands. "I declare, I don't know of which to be proudest; you mutually surpass each other, my children."

"Wait until after to-morrow morning's breakfast, and I fear you will be able to decide!" called the new housekeeper, as she disappeared to have a consultation with the cook.

All these revolutionary measures were not of the sudden growth that their speedy results seem to indicate. Any girl who enjoys the luxury of aimlessness during that long-desired period after she has "finished," will, sooner or later, encounter that arch-fiend of happiness, satiety,—the Apollon of those who exist merely to have a "good time." Nan had been reared amidst the most healthy influences, and her vigorous young nature demanded more nourishing rations than those offered by the life she had been leading. However, this longing had only come of late, for she had been most devoted to the pomps and vanities, while her parents had looked on with some anxiety, but held their peace, trusting that she would "come out all right."

Bert's surroundings were different, her home influences being wholly worldly, her mother desiring nothing more of her daughter than that she should move among the best circles, finally making a brilliant marriage. Bert had not only dutifully but eagerly explored those aristocratic precincts, and had enjoyed herself hugely, as she observed everything in her own original and critical way, amusing herself with her own conclusions. Her wit and breeziness made her always welcome, and she could even enliven the clammy atmosphere of a young ladies' luncheon, as there was always sure to be grateful laughter at her end of the table. This success was exhilarating for a while, until she began to discover that she got very little for her pains. She herself needed stimulating; she

demanding equal exertion from others; "why should she be interested in uninteresting people?" she should like to know. She did n't find out. She was already very privately admitting to herself that she "would like to shake the best circles from center to circumference." But the poor girl did not know what might be the social result, and to make a break had never occurred to her as a possibility until Nan's audacity suggested it.

So, while Bert sat on the other side of her father's desk and signed letters in her most elegant hand, "Mitchell & Co., per B.," wondering if the junior members of the firms to which she had been writing would ever guess who "B." was,



THE "B." OF MITCHELL & CO.

or if they would conclude it stood for some stupid, round-shouldered Brown or Bates or Baker,—Nan sped down to Cathy's to be the first to announce Bert's business career, as Evelyn's new cares detained her at home.

Nan found Cathy filling a fireplace with a yellow glory of golden-rod.

"That 's lovely!" commented Nan. "But what if you want a fire some of these cool evenings?"

"Why, that 's the beauty of my idea; the fire is all ready to light under these, and when we want one all we have to do is to let the whole thing burn up; the golden-rod will be dried by that time, and then I can get more. See?"

"Good; that 's sensible; for if there is any-

thing I hate, it is a grate too fine to have a big, roaring fire in it. You always were an artist in flowers. But that is n't what I came to remark. What do you suppose Bert has done now?"

Then followed a long talk, such as only girls are equal to, during which Bert's clerkship and Evelyn's housekeeping venture were discussed, and Nan's own plans divulged.

"Oh, me!" Cathy sighed hopelessly. "This is all very soul-stirring; I only am behind. I can't dash about and assert myself as you girls do, and besides, I think it is my duty to stay at home with Mother."

This duty Cathy had borne sweetly, for her mother was a doleful companion, who was making the mistake of casting a shadow over this daughter's life because her only other daughter had not been spared to her. This grief and the loss of her husband many years before had not taught her to make the lives of those still left to her as happy as possible; yet Cathy cheerfully made "sunshine in a shady place," while Fred manfully shouldered his father's business, which weighed heavily on his young shoulders.

"But I do want an object in life besides," continued Cathy, "for staying where I am put is only half my duty. If I should relieve Mother of the housekeeping I believe she would die, so I can't follow Evelyn's example. What *can* I do?" she asked mournfully.

Nan was reflecting that there were three kinds of girls,—those who led, like Bert; those who are led, like Evelyn; and those who must be pushed, like Cathy. "And maybe it is my duty to push," she thought.

"Well, Catherine," she began, settling herself in her chair, "would you really like to earn your own living?"

"Yes; I most certainly should like to do something toward it, for I have often wondered if dear old Fred did n't forego part of his own profits from the nursery for our sakes. Did you girls find out your vocations all alone, without any help or suggestion from others?" she continued.

"Bert did, of course," said Nan. Who ever knew her to take advice from anybody? But Evelyn and I talked all day and all night, and alternately propped each other's falling spirits, and last night the jury of the entire family sat upon us!"

"Oh, yes——" and Cathy sighed again. "But you see I have nobody. Mother would n't be interested, and Fred would n't hear of such a thing. He thinks a girl should be very feminine, and let her brother support her if she has no father. No, I must get on without sympathy."

"But you shan't! I'm here on purpose to

help you as I have been helped. I feel it my duty to pass on the impulse."

"You are a dear, good girl, and I love you," Cathy said gratefully. "I'll be your humble servant and do just what you tell me. I wish I could go to New York with you and take lessons in flower-painting."

"You'd never get rich selling a daisy and a lily and a little buttercup. You would better go to raising golden-rod in your brother's nursery, and then peddle it about the city, filling people's fire-places at a dollar apiece!"

"I wish I could. Do you know, I should just love to raise flowers——"

"*That's it!*" screamed Nan delightedly. "Just the thing! Have a hot-house,—cut-flowers for the million,—beat Haas & Schaeffer out of town! You could do it, Cathy; you have exquisite taste in flowers, and everybody will be crazy to have a basket or bouquet from the high-art green-house! We girls will always buy of you,—why, Haas sent me a lot of carnations for the Atwood party without any stems to them——"

"And he never knows enough to have narcissus or daffodils, or any of those stylish flowers!" excitedly broke in Cathy, with dilated eyes.

"And don't you charge *quite* five dollars apiece for rose-buds either!"

"And I will cut *lots* of leaves with them; and funeral people shall *not* have those hideous 'gates ajar' from my establishment!"

But at this both girls burst into a merry laugh, and seriously set about discussing the ways and means.

Cathy decided to find out the cost of such an undertaking, and the business outlook of the project before consulting Fred.

Nan remembered that her father knew a man somehow connected with a green-house in another city.

Cathy mentioned a certain corner of their grounds where she could build hers.

Nan suggested that she go down to Johnson's and see what books there were on the subject; and so on, until at last they parted with a happy sense of lively stir and aim.

But these four fortunes were not made in a day, and the time seemed long before much but discouragement was achieved. Just here is where the masculine pertinacity is valuable. Business results are slow, and the feminine mind chafes at delay, and wants to see the net gain immediately.

Bert found stenography very tedious, if not quite a bore; and there came many days when she would have been willing to slip back into social inertness, and keep to her slippers and book rather than present herself in the dingy office. Although, when once she had conquered, it was n't so bad,



"I PLAY LOUD WALTZES ON THE PIANO, UNTIL THE SILENCE OF THESE SEPULCHRAL ROOMS IS PUT TO FLIGHT." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

for there *was* a bright rug on the floor, and a small feather-duster, hung up by a scarlet ribbon, did effective service. Her sense of the humorous also came to her aid, for the expression of relieved sus-

pense she caught on her father's face as she appeared regularly morning after morning amused her, and the one of loving friendliness that began to settle there more than repaid her.

On Saturday, at the end of her first week, she found a little pile of silver by her plate. She regarded it curiously for a moment, then inquired doubtfully:

"Is this the exact sum you would have paid to a Mr. Snipkins, had such a person been hired in my place, and done the work I have done?"

"Exactly, Bertha; no more, no less," her father replied, smiling.

"*Earned*," she murmured, slowly dropping the pieces one by one into her purse. "What a queer feeling! Money for an equivalent given—I don't believe I shall ever spend it!"

Mr. Mitchell looked particularly pleased, as he said: "Ah, you begin to appreciate what a dollar stands for."

Evelyn's table blossomed out into all manner of pretty devices, each studied from a newly purchased cook-book. The butter reposed in beautifully shaped rolls on a feathery bed of parsley; even homely roasted potatoes looked inviting as they lay in a nest made of the snowy folds of a fringed napkin. Mr. Ferris declared he was twice fed by Evelyn's banquets. So it was all very fine until the bills came in at the end of the month; not that daintiness in serving cost anything, but she had erred in other directions. Evelyn was in consternation, for she had confidently supposed she could save a snug little bit from the sum allotted for housekeeping expenses, and this amount she was at liberty to spend as she chose, and she had already chosen to get a dozen tinted finger-glasses, a Japanese bowl for broken ice, another for salad, and so on, until, to her mind's eye, her table was a dream of color and form; but when that eye opened on the grocery bill, and the butcher's bill, and the milk bill, and then on minus six dollars and eighty-five cents, it nearly dropped a tear of shame and disappointment.

"No," she thought, after suppressing her first impulse to ask her mother what to do, "no! If I have been extravagant, I must find out where, and pay for it; and this deficit shall come out of my own allowance. Next month I will do better."

And she did.

Nan wrote from New York, about the middle of November:

"Thanksgiving is coming, but I'm not. As my highest earthly desire is to earn twenty-five dollars, I'm not going to spend that much, especially as I have n't got it, for just two days' pleasure. I may mention, by way of a mere casual remark, that at present there is n't the dimmest possibility of my earning a punched coin this year, unless I happen to take a prize next spring. In my own humble imagination I have already done this and have, of course, chosen the things I shall buy with the money! But I do wish there were no rudiments to learn. They keep one back so! All this week I've devoted the forces of my nature to drawing straight lines and angles. However, I have long suspected that one of my faults was dislike of real hard work, so I am going to 'peg right along,' and lay foundations.

"There are several nice girls in the class, and Aunt Hettie says that I may invite Ruth Manning, who has no home to go to, here to Thanksgiving dinner. I am having a gay time shaking up this quiet house. I play 'loud waltzes on the piano,' and sing at the top of my voice, which you well know penetrates to the gables of the garret, until the silence of these sepulchral rooms is put to flight. I am also adding worldly touches to these same tombs, and dear Auntie sees how much prettier they look, and wonders she never thought of the little changes I've made. And what do you think—I trimmed her up a bonnet; quite different from her usual head-gear, I can tell you, with really a furtive air of *style* about it!—and I held her before the glass until I *made* her own that she liked it; and when I marched her in to show it to Uncle Nat, and commanded him to say it was becoming, he said it looked like one she wore when he was courting her, whereat he kissed her, and she blushed with pleasure. *She will wear that bonnet next Sunday*, although I think she expects instant excommunication.

"Tell Evelyn I long for the locusts and wild honey she seems to be serving up so charmingly; also that we made a great hit when we made over my brown suit, for it is quite 'the thing.' I think it is splendid of Fred Drake to loan Cathy the money to start her green things.

"I'm going to paper my room with common manilla paper, when I get home, and then put splashes of gilt on it, happy-go-lucky style. I saw a room done so.

"Hug yourselves all around, for

"Your loving

"NAN FERRIS."

Yes, Cathy's brother behaved nobly when he once found she was determined; and, when this hitherto gentle and submissive creature announced to him that she could get her house built, heated, and stocked for from six to eight hundred dollars, mentioning other items showing careful study of the subject, and asked if she could not have that amount out of her share of the property, he not only promised to "fix it some way," and chucked her under the chin, as a special mark of tenderness, but offered her the services of a young German boy who was in his employ.

So it was not long before the sound of the hammer was heard in the land, and the first snow-flakes of winter fell on countless panes of glass, while her little forest of tender plants sprouted and climbed, and blossomed in the humid air below.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER XII.



VERY few days after the dinner-party at the Castle, almost everybody in England who read the newspapers at all knew the romantic story of what had happened at Dorincourt. It made a very interesting story when it was told with all the details.

There was the little American boy who had been brought to England to be Lord Fauntleroy, and who was said to be so fine and handsome a little fellow, and to have already made people fond of him; there was the old Earl, his grandfather, who was so proud of his heir; there was the pretty young mother who had never been forgiven for marrying Captain Errol; and there was the strange marriage of Bevis, the dead Lord Fauntleroy, and the strange wife, of whom no one knew anything, suddenly appearing with her son, and saying that he was the real Lord Fauntleroy and must have his rights. All these things were talked about and written about, and caused a tremendous sensation. And then there came the rumor that the Earl of Dorincourt was not satisfied with the turn affairs had taken, and would perhaps contest the claim by law, and the matter might end with a wonderful trial.

There never had been such excitement before in the county in which Erleboro was situated. On market-days, people stood in groups and talked and wondered what would be done; the farmers' wives invited one another to tea that they might tell one another all they had heard and all they thought and all they thought other people thought. They related wonderful anecdotes about the Earl's rage and his determination not to acknowledge the new Lord Fauntleroy, and his hatred of the woman who was the claimant's mother. But, of course, it was Mrs. Dibble who could tell the most, and who was more in demand than ever.

"An' a bad lookout it is," she said. "An' if you were to ask me, ma'am, I should say as it was a judgment on him for the way he 's treated that sweet young cre'tur' as he parted from her child,—for he 's got that fond of him an' that set on him an' that proud of him as he 's a'most drove mad by what 's happened. An' what 's more, this new one 's no lady, as his little lordship's ma is. She 's a bold-faced, black-eyed thing,

as Mr. Thomas says no gentleman in livery 'u'd bemean hisself to be guv orders by; an' let her come into the house, he says, an' he goes out of it. An' the boy don't no more compare with the other one than nothin' you could mention. An' mercy knows what 's goin' to come of it all, an' where it 's to end, an' you might have knocked me down with a feather when Jane brought the news."

In fact there was excitement everywhere at the Castle; in the library, where the Earl and Mr. Havisham sat and talked; in the servants' hall, where Mr. Thomas and the butler and the other men and women servants gossiped and exclaimed at all times of the day; and in the stables, where Wilkins went about his work in a quite depressed state of mind, and groomed the brown pony more beautifully than ever, and 'said mournfully to the coachman that he "never taught a young gen'leman to ride as took to it more nat'ral, or was a better-plucked one than he was. He was a one as it were some pleasure to ride behind."

But in the midst of all the disturbance there was one person who was quite calm and untroubled. That person was the little Lord Fauntleroy who was said not to be Lord Fauntleroy at all. When first the state of affairs had been explained to him, he had felt some little anxiousness and perplexity, it is true, but its foundation was not in baffled ambition.

While the Earl told him what had happened, he had sat on a stool holding on to his knee, as he so often did when he was listening to anything interesting; and by the time the story was finished he looked quite sober.

"It makes me feel very queer," he said; "it makes me feel—queer!"

The Earl looked at the boy in silence. It made him feel queer, too—queerer than he had ever felt in his whole life. And he felt more queer still when he saw that there was a troubled expression on the small face which was usually so happy.

"Will they take Dearest's house away from her—and her carriage?" Cedric asked in a rather unsteady, anxious little voice.

"No!" said the Earl decidedly—in quite a loud voice in fact. "They can take nothing from her."

"Ah!" said Cedric, with evident relief. "Can't they?"

Then he looked up at his grandfather, and there was a wistful shade in his eyes, and they looked very big and soft.

"That other boy," he said rather tremulously—"he will have to—to be your boy now—as I was—wont he?"

"No!" answered the Earl—and he said it so fiercely and loudly that Cedric quite jumped.

"No?" he exclaimed, in wonderment. "Wont he? I thought——"

He stood up from his stool quite suddenly.

"Shall I be your boy, even if I'm not going to be an earl?" he said. "Shall I be your boy, just as I was before?" And his flushed little face was all alight with eagerness.

How the old Earl did look at him from head to foot, to be sure. How his great shaggy brows did draw themselves together, and how queerly his deep eyes shone under them—how very queerly!

"My boy!" he said—and, if you'll believe it, his very voice was queer, almost shaky and a little broken and hoarse, not at all what you would expect an earl's voice to be, though he spoke more decidedly and peremptorily even than before,—
"Yes, you'll be my boy as long as I live; and, by George, sometimes I feel as if you were the only boy I had ever had."

Cedric's face turned red to the roots of his hair; it turned red with relief and pleasure. He put both his hands deep into his pockets and looked squarely into his noble relative's eyes.

"Do you?" he said. "Well, then, I don't care about the earl part at all. I don't care whether I'm an earl or not. I thought—you see, I thought the one that was going to be the Earl would have to be your boy, too, and—and I could n't be. That was what made me feel so queer."

The Earl put his hand on his shoulder and drew him nearer.

"They shall take nothing from you that I can hold for you," he said, drawing his breath hard. "I wont believe yet that they can take anything from you. You were made for the place, and—well, you may fill it still. But whatever comes, you shall have all that I can give you—all!"

It scarcely seemed as if he were speaking to a child, there was such determination in his face and voice; it was more as if he were making a promise to himself—and perhaps he was.

He had never before known how deep a hold upon him his fondness for the boy and his pride in him had taken. He had never seen his strength and good qualities and beauty as he seemed to see them now. To his obstinate nature it seemed impossible—more than impossible—to give up what he had so set his heart upon. And he had determined that he would not give it up without a fierce struggle.

Within a few days after she had seen Mr. Havisham, the woman who claimed to be Lady Fauntleroy presented herself at the Castle, and brought

her child with her. She was sent away. The Earl would not see her, she was told by the footman at the door; his lawyer would attend to her case. It was Thomas who gave the message, and who expressed his opinion of her freely afterward, in the servants' hall. He "hoped," he said, "as he had wore livery in 'igh famblies long enough to know a lady when he see one, an' if that was a lady he was no judge o' females."

"The one at the Lodge," added Thomas loftily, "'Merican or no 'Merican, she's one o' the right sort, as any gentleman 'u'd reckonize with 'alf a



"SHE WAS TOLD BY THE FOOTMAN AT THE DOOR THAT THE EARL WOULD NOT SEE HER."

heye. I remarked it myself to Henery when fust we called there."

The woman drove away; the look on her handsome, common face half frightened, half fierce. Mr. Havisham had noticed, during his interviews with her, that though she had a passionate temper and a coarse, insolent manner, she was neither so clever nor so bold as she meant to be; she seemed sometimes to be almost overwhelmed by the position in which she had placed herself. It was as if she had not expected to meet with such opposition.

"She is evidently," the lawyer said to Mrs. Errol, "a person from the lower walks of life. She is uneducated and untrained in everything, and quite unused to meeting people like ourselves on any terms of equality. She does not know what



"SHALL I BE YOUR BOY, EVEN IF I'M NOT GOING TO BE AN EARL?" SAID CEDRIC.

to do. Her visit to the Castle quite cowed her. She was infuriated, but she was cowed. The Earl would not receive her, but I advised him to go with me to the Dorincourt Arms, where she is

staying. When she saw him enter the room, she turned white, though she flew into a rage at once, and threatened and demanded in one breath."

The fact was that the Earl had stalked into the

room and stood, looking like a venerable aristocratic giant, staring at the woman from under his beetling brows, and not condescending a word. He simply stared at her, taking her in from head to foot as if she were some repulsive curiosity. He let her talk and demand until she was tired, without himself uttering a word, and then he said:

"You say you are my eldest son's wife. If that is true, and if the proof you offer is too much for us, the law is on your side. In that case, your boy is Lord Fauntleroy. The matter will be sifted to the bottom, you may rest assured. If your claims are proved, you will be provided for. I want to see nothing either of you or the child so long as I live. The place will unfortunately have enough of you after my death. You are exactly the kind of person I should have expected my son Bevis to choose."

And then he turned his back upon her and stalked out of the room as he had stalked into it.

Not many days after that, a visitor was announced to Mrs. Errol, who was writing in her little morning room. The maid, who brought the message, looked rather excited; her eyes were quite round with amazement, in fact, and being young and inexperienced, she regarded her mistress with nervous sympathy.

"It's the Earl himself, ma'am!" she said in tremulous awe.

When Mrs. Errol entered the drawing-room, a very tall, majestic-looking old man was standing on the tiger-skin rug. He had a handsome, grim old face, with an aquiline profile, a long white mustache, and an obstinate look.

"Mrs. Errol, I believe?" he said.

"Mrs. Errol," she answered.

"I am the Earl of Dorincourt," he said.

He paused a moment, almost unconsciously, to look into her uplifted eyes. They were so like the big, affectionate, childish eyes he had seen uplifted to his own so often every day during the last few months, that they gave him a quite curious sensation.

"The boy is very like you," he said abruptly.

"It has been often said so, my lord," she replied, "but I have been glad to think him like his father also."

As Lady Lorridaile had told him, her voice was very sweet, and her manner was very simple and dignified. She did not seem in the least troubled by his sudden coming.

"Yes," said the Earl, "he is like—my son—too." He put his hand up to his big white mustache and pulled it fiercely. "Do you know," he said, "why I have come here?"

"I have seen Mr. Havisham," Mrs. Errol began, "and he has told me of the claims which have been made——"

"I have come to tell you," said the Earl, "that

they will be investigated and contested, if a contest can be made. I have come to tell you that the boy shall be defended with all the power of the law. His rights——"

The soft voice interrupted him.

"He must have nothing that is *not* his by right, even if the law can give it to him," she said.

"Unfortunately the law can not," said the Earl. "If it could, it should. This outrageous woman and her child——"

"Perhaps she cares for him as much as I care for Cedric, my lord," said little Mrs. Errol. "And if she was your eldest son's wife, her son is Lord Fauntleroy, and mine is not."

She was no more afraid of him than Cedric had been, and she looked at him just as Cedric would have looked, and he, having been an old tyrant all his life, was privately pleased by it. People so seldom dared to differ from him that there was an entertaining novelty in it.

"I suppose," he said, scowling slightly, "that you would much prefer that he should not be the Earl of Dorincourt."

Her fair young face flushed.

"It is a very magnificent thing to be the Earl of Dorincourt, my lord," she said. "I know that, but I care most that he should be what his father was—brave and just and true always."

"In striking contrast to what his grandfather was, eh?" said his lordship sardonically.

"I have not had the pleasure of knowing his grandfather," replied Mrs. Errol, "but I know my little boy believes——" She stopped short a moment, looking quietly into his face, and then she added, "I know that Cedric loves you."

"Would he have loved me," said the Earl dryly, "if you had told him why I did not receive you at the Castle?"

"No," answered Mrs. Errol; "I think not. That was why I did not wish him to know."

"Well," said my lord, brusquely, "there are few women who would not have told him."

He suddenly began to walk up and down the room, pulling his great mustache more violently than ever.

"Yes, he is fond of me," he said, "and I am fond of him. I can't say I ever was fond of anything before. I am fond of him. He pleased me from the first. I am an old man, and was tired of my life. He has given me something to live for. I am proud of him. I was satisfied to think of his taking his place some day as the head of the family."

He came back and stood before Mrs. Errol.

"I am miserable," he said. "Miserable!"

He looked as if he was. Even his pride could not keep his voice steady or his hands from shak-

ing. For a moment it almost seemed as if his deep, fierce eyes had tears in them. "Perhaps it is because I am miserable that I have come to you," he said, quite glaring down at her. "I used to hate you; I have been jealous of you. This wretched, disgraceful business has changed that. After seeing that repulsive woman who calls herself the wife of my son Bevis, I actually felt it would be a relief to look at you. I have been an obstinate old fool, and I suppose I have treated you badly. You are like the boy, and the boy is the first object in my life. I am miserable, and I came to you merely because you are like the boy, and he cares for you, and I care for him. Treat me as well as you can, for the boy's sake."

He said it all in his harsh voice, and almost roughly, but somehow he seemed so broken down for the time that Mrs. Errol was touched to the heart. She got up and moved an arm-chair a little forward.

"I wish you would sit down," she said in a soft, pretty, sympathetic way. "You have been so much troubled that you are very tired, and you need all your strength."

It was just as new to him to be spoken to and cared for in that gentle, simple way as it was to be contradicted. He was reminded of "the boy" again, and he actually did as she asked him. Perhaps his disappointment and wretchedness were good discipline for him; if he had not been wretched he might have continued to hate her, but just at present he found her a little soothing. Almost anything would have seemed pleasant by contrast with Lady Fauntleroy; and this one had so sweet a face and voice, and a pretty dignity when she spoke or moved. Very soon, by the quiet magic of these influences, he began to feel less gloomy, and then he talked still more.

"Whatever happens," he said, "the boy shall be provided for. He shall be taken care of, now and in the future."

Before he went away, he glanced around the room.

"Do you like the house?" he demanded.

"Very much," she answered.

"This is a cheerful room," he said. "May I come here again and talk this matter over?"

"As often as you wish, my lord," she replied.

And then he went out to his carriage and drove away, Thomas and Henry almost stricken dumb upon the box at the turn affairs had taken.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF course, as soon as the story of Lord Fauntleroy and the difficulties of the Earl of Dorincourt were discussed in the English newspapers, they were

discussed in the American newspapers. The story was too interesting to be passed over lightly, and it was talked of a great deal. There were so many versions of it that it would have been an edifying thing to buy all the papers and compare them. Mr. Hobbs read so much about it that he became quite bewildered. One paper described his young friend Cedric as an infant in arms,—another as a young man at Oxford, winning all the honors, and distinguishing himself by writing Greek poems; one said he was engaged to a young lady of great beauty, who was the daughter of a duke; another said he had just been married; the only thing, in fact, which was *not* said was that he was a little boy between seven and eight, with handsome legs and curly hair. One said he was no relation to the Earl of Dorincourt at all, but was a small impostor who had sold newspapers and slept in the streets of New York before his mother imposed upon the family lawyer, who came to America to look for the Earl's heir. Then came the descriptions of the new Lord Fauntleroy and his mother. Sometimes she was a gypsy, sometimes an actress, sometimes a beautiful Spaniard; but it was always agreed that the Earl of Dorincourt was her deadly enemy, and would not acknowledge her son as his heir if he could help it, and as there seemed to be some slight flaw in the papers she had produced, it was expected that there would be a long trial, which would be far more interesting than anything ever carried into court before. Mr. Hobbs used to read the papers until his head was in a whirl, and in the evening he and Dick would talk it all over. They found out what an important personage an Earl of Dorincourt was, and what a magnificent income he possessed, and how many estates he owned, and how stately and beautiful was the Castle in which he lived; and the more they learned, the more excited they became.

"Seems like somethin' orter be done," said Mr. Hobbs. "Things like them orter be held on to—earls or no earls."

But there really was nothing they could do but each write a letter to Cedric, containing assurances of their friendship and sympathy. They wrote those letters as soon as they could after receiving the news; and after having written them, they handed them over to each other to be read.

This is what Mr. Hobbs read in Dick's letter:

"DERE FRIEND: I got ure letter an Mr. Hobbs got his an we are sory u are down on ure luck an we say hold on as longs u kin an dont let no one git ahead of u. There is a lot of ole theves wil make al they kin of u ef u dont kepe ure skined. But this is mosly to say that ive not forgot wot u did fur me, an if there aint no better way cum over here an go in pardners with me. Biznes is fine an ile see no harm cums to u Enny big feler that trise to cum it over u wil hafter settle it fust with Perfessor Dick Tipton So no more at present
"DICK."

And this was what Dick read in Mr. Hobbs's letter:

"DEAR SIR: Yrs received and wd say things looks bad. I believe tis a put up job and them thats done it ought to be looked after sharp. And what I write to say is two things. Im going to look this thing up. Keep quiet and Ill see a lawyer and do all I can. And if the worst happens and them earls is too many for us theres a partnership in the grocery business ready for you when yure old enough and a home and a friend in

"Yrs truly, SILAS HOBBS."

"Well," said Mr. Hobbs, "he 's pervided for between us, if he aint a earl."

"So he is," said Dick. "I 'd ha' stood by him. Blest if I did n't like that little feller fust-rate."

The very next morning, one of Dick's customers was rather surprised. He was a young lawyer just beginning practice. As poor as a very young lawyer can possibly be, but a bright, energetic young fellow, with sharp wit and a good temper. He had a shabby office near Dick's stand, and every morning Dick blacked his boots for him, and quite often they were not exactly water-tight, but he always had a friendly word or a joke for Dick.

That particular morning, when he put his foot on the rest, he had an illustrated paper in his hand—an enterprising paper, with pictures in it of conspicuous people and things. He had just finished looking it over, and when the last boot was polished, he handed it over to the boy.

"Here 's a paper for you, Dick," he said; "you can look it over when you drop in at Delmonico's for your breakfast. Picture of an English castle in it, and an English earl's daughter-in-law. Fine young woman, too—lots of hair—though she seems to be raising rather a row. You ought to become familiar with the nobility and gentry, Dick. Begin on the Right Honorable the Earl of Dorincourt and Lady Fauntleroy. Hello! I say, what 's the matter?"

The pictures he spoke of were on the front page, and Dick was staring at one of them with his eyes and mouth open, and his sharp face almost pale with excitement.

"What 's to pay, Dick?" said the young man. "What has paralyzed you?"

Dick really did look as if something tremendous had happened. He pointed to the picture, under which was written:

"Mother of Claimant (Lady Fauntleroy)."

It was the picture of a handsome woman, with large eyes and heavy braids of black hair wound around her head.

"Her!" said Dick. "My, I know her better 'n I know you!"

The young man began to laugh.

"Where did you meet her, Dick?" he said. "At Newport? Or when you ran over to Paris the last time?"

Dick actually forgot to grin. He began to

gather his brushes and things together, as if he had something to do which would put an end to his business for the present.

"Never mind," he said. "I know her! An I've struck work for this mornin'."

And in less than five minutes from that time he was tearing through the streets on his way to Mr. Hobbs and the corner store. Mr. Hobbs could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses when he looked across the counter and saw Dick rush in with the paper in his hand. The boy was out of breath with running; so much out of breath, in fact, that he could scarcely speak as he threw the paper down on the counter.

"Hello!" exclaimed Mr. Hobbs. "Hello! What you got there?"

"Look at it!" panted Dick. "Look at that woman in the picture! That 's what you look at! *She* aint no 'ristocrat, *she* aint!" with withering scorn. "She 's no lord's wife. You may eat me, if it aint Minna—*Minna*! I 'd know her anywheres, an' so 'd Ben. Jest ax him."

Mr. Hobbs dropped into his seat.

"I knowed it was a put-up job," he said. "I knowed it; and they done it on account o' him bein' a 'Merican!"

"Done it!" cried Dick, with disgust. "*She* done it, that 's who done it. She was allers up to her tricks; an' I 'll tell yer wot come to me, the minnit I saw her pictur. There was one o' them papers we saw had a letter in it that said somethin' 'bout her boy, an' it said he had a scar on his chin. Put them two together—her 'n' that there scar! Why, that there boy o' hers aint no more a lord than I am! It 's *Ben's* boy,—the little chap she hit when she let fly that plate at me."

Professor Dick Tipton had always been a sharp boy, and earning his living in the streets of a big city had made him still sharper. He had learned to keep his eyes open and his wits about him, and it must be confessed he enjoyed immensely the excitement and impatience of that moment. If little Lord Fauntleroy could only have looked into the store that morning, he would certainly have been interested, even if all the discussion and plans had been intended to decide the fate of some other boy than himself.

Mr. Hobbs was almost overwhelmed by his sense of responsibility, and Dick was all alive and full of energy. He began to write a letter to Ben, and he cut out the picture and inclosed it to him, and Mr. Hobbs wrote a letter to Cedric and one to the Earl. They were in the midst of this letter-writing when a new idea came to Dick.

"Say," he said, "the feller that give me the paper, he 's a lawyer. Let 's ax him what we 'd better do. Lawyers knows it all."

Mr. Hobbs was immensely impressed by this suggestion and Dick's business capacity.

"That's so!" he replied. "This here calls for lawyers."

And leaving the store in the care of a substitute, he struggled into his coat and marched down-town with Dick, and the two presented themselves with their romantic story in Mr. Harrison's office, much to that young man's astonishment.

If he had not been a very young lawyer, with a very enterprising mind and a great deal of spare time on his hands, he might not have been so readily interested in what they had to say, for it all certainly sounded very wild and queer; but he chanced to want something to do very much, and he chanced to know Dick, and Dick chanced to say his say in a very sharp, telling sort of way.

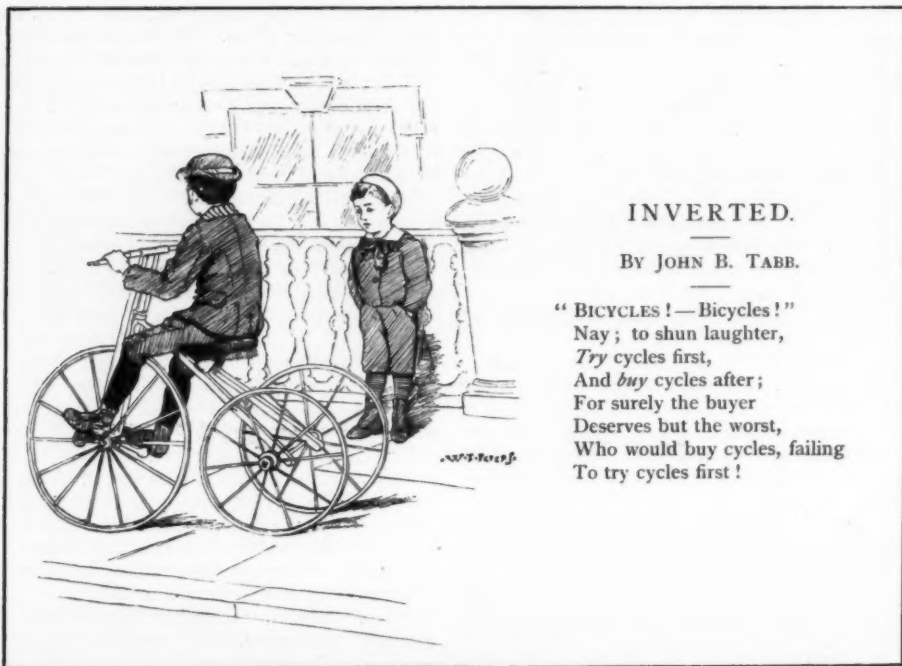
"And," said Mr. Hobbs, "say what your time's worth a' hour and look into this thing thorough, and I'll pay the damage,—Silas Hobbs, corner of Blank street, Vegetables and Fancy Groceries."

(To be concluded.)

"Well," said Mr. Harrison, "it will be a big thing if it turns out all right, and it will be almost as big a thing for me as for Lord Fauntleroy; and at any rate, no harm can be done by investigating. It appears there has been some dubiousness about the child. The woman contradicted herself in some of her statements about his age, and aroused suspicion. The first persons to be written to are Dick's brother and the Earl of Dorincourt's family lawyer."

And actually, before the sun went down, two letters had been written and sent in two different directions—one speeding out of New York harbor on a mail steamer on its way to England, and the other on a train carrying letters and passengers bound for California. And the first was addressed to T. Havisham, Esq., and the second to Benjamin Tipton.

And after the store was closed that evening, Mr. Hobbs and Dick sat in the back-room and talked together until midnight.



INVERTED.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

"BICYCLES!—Bicycles!"
Nay; to shun laughter,
Try cycles first,
And buy cycles after;
For surely the buyer
Deserves but the worst,
Who would buy cycles, failing
To try cycles first!

A LAKE GEORGE CAPSIZE.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



A QUIET ROW ON THE "BROAD LAKE."

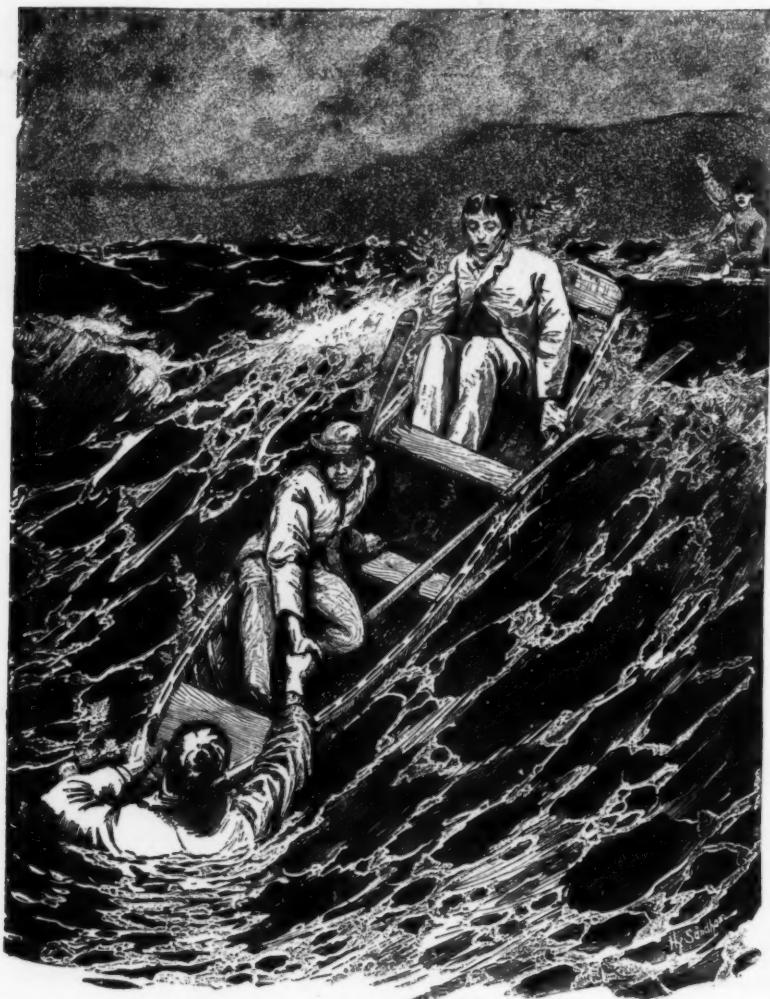
LAKE GEORGE can be the calmest and loveliest sheet of water that ever was shut in by mountain walls, but like all mountain lakes it is very fickle. If you have never seen it "cut up its didos," you do not yet really know our Lake. In the fall, when the tourists have gone and the hotels and cottages are quiet, Lake George now and then gets into a great rage and becomes quite sublime.

One day in the latter part of October, there came into our bay a trim little sloop-rigged sailboat, with three men aboard. They were after the ducks that always make Dunham's Bay a resting-place on their long autumn journey to the south-

ward. This little yacht, if I may call it one, had not been long in view when there broke upon the lake a fierce, cold, north wind, driving the whitecaps up into the bay like a frightened flock of sheep.

The sailboat could now stand only the mainsail, and even with that it reeled and tumbled about fearfully in the hands of its unskilled crew, and two or three times it was nearly driven ashore, for the men seemed quite unable to make it beat up into the wind.

While the gale was thus running into the bay, my young friend Charlie Fraser, with a boy's love for excitement, came and asked permission to go



"CHARLIE BROUGHT THE BOW OF THE BOAT TO THE MAN IN THE WATER AND TOOK HIM ABOARD." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

out in my rowboat, to see "what kind of a rough-water boat she might be." Though I knew him to be both a good oarsman and a good swimmer, and though the boat had always behaved admirably in a sea, I hesitated, until he proposed not to venture beyond Joshua's Rock, which marks the line between the bay and the "broad lake," as the people call it at this point. After I had let him go, I reproached myself for trusting a boy of sixteen in a gale that was momentarily increasing in violence. But Charlie did not care to risk too near an approach to the broad lake; he soon

saw that there was danger of swamping even in the bay, and therefore he put about for home. In passing the sailboat, which was laboring hard among the rushing, roaring whitecaps, he had shouted to the young men to take in a reef; but they kept the whole mainsail flying, though they had to place all the ballast up to windward and then to sit in a row upon the windward gunwale of the boat to keep it from upsetting. Finding that the gale, which continued to rise, would certainly upset them in spite of all their exertions, one of them eased off the sheet, while the man at the tiller at the same moment brought the boat's head into the wind. This left all the

weight of the ballast and the men on one side, with no balancing force of wind in the sail, and the light sloop tipped completely over in the direction opposite to the one they had feared. The sail lay flat upon the water, with one poor fellow under it, while another, encumbered with a big overcoat, was floundering in the waves; the third succeeded in climbing to the upper side of the capsized sloop and sitting astride of it. The wild, frightened cries of the young men rose above the hissing of wind and the roaring of waves, and Charlie brought his boat around and

rowed for them. The waves jerked one of his oars from the rowlock, but he soon had it in its place, and was pulling as a strong boy can pull when cries of drowning men are in his ears.

"Help! quick! I'm going! Oh, help! help!" rang in his ears and spurred him to do his utmost, as he headed straight for the sailboat, disregarding the waves that broke now and then into his own boat.

When Charlie got up to the wreck, he presented the bow of his boat first to the man who had emerged from under the sail. This young man took hold, then lost his grip and went down as the water tossed the boat; and Charlie held on to the seat to keep from being pitched after him. Then the man came up, gurgling, sputtering, and getting a new hold on the boat succeeded in scrambling in. Holding the boat into the teeth of the wind, Charlie then brought the bow to the other man in the water, and so took him aboard. There were now three people and a great deal of water in the boat; and Charlie concluded that it had all it would carry, and that it would be necessary to land his two passengers before taking the stout young man who maintained an uneasy perch on the capsized yacht. Shouting some words of encouragement to him, Charlie started for the shore; but the young man on the boat, benumbed by his ducking and the icy wind, and perhaps discouraged at seeing the row-boat leave him, fell off the capsized yacht into the water with a cry for help. Charlie put back

just in time to grab him as he again let go his hold, and began to sink. But the rowboat had all it would bear in such a sea, and before taking him aboard, it was necessary to make the others throw overboard their wet coats and overcoats. Then the stout young man was pulled in over the stern, and Charlie soon brought the rowboat, staggering under its load of four persons and a great weight of water, safely to dock. A little while after, the three dripping duck-hunters were drying by the kitchen fire.

"I was under the sail," said one of them to me, "and if the boat had n't come to our help just when it did, it would have been the end of me."

A New York gentleman who heard of this affair wrote to the office of the United States Life Saving Service, at Washington, asking for the silver medal of the Government for Charlie Fraser. Of course there was a great deal of formality to be gone through with; affidavits were made by eye-witnesses, and filed away at Washington, and there the matter rested for months. Meantime Charlie had no recognition of his act except a letter from the mother of one of the young men, though he had, I suppose, what was better—the consciousness of having done his duty manfully in a pinch. One administration at Washington went out, and another came in, and we concluded that the medal had been forgotten. But one day there came to Charlie a very large official envelope, in the corner of which there was boldly printed "Treasury Department." It was also marked "Official Business," and was addressed in big letters and looked very impressive. The inside of it seemed equally important, and it read:

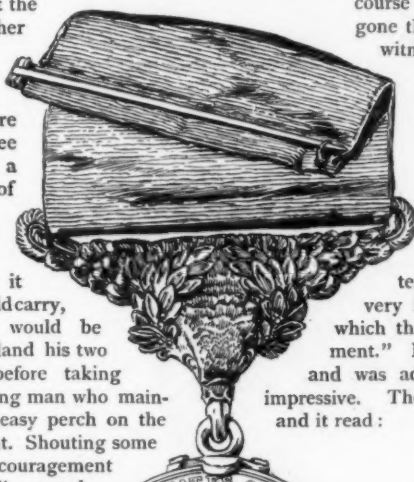
"MR. CHARLES M. FRASER:

"SIR: I have the pleasure to transmit herewith a silver life-saving medal which has been awarded you under authority of section 7 of the Act of June 20, 1874, section 12 of the Act of June 18, 1878, and section 6 of the Act of May 4, 1882, in recognition of your courage and humanity in saving three persons from drowning October 25, 1884.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

D. MANNING,
"Secretary."

And the same day there reached him by express the silver medal in a neat case.



OBVERSE.



REVERSE.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN HERMIT.

(Concluded.)

BY ALFRED TERRY BACON.



HEAD OF THE BISON, OR AMERICAN BUFFALO. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

ONE evening my quiet hermitage seemed more silent than ever before. That small dog, Gip, slept soundly on the earthen floor, tired out with a long day's run through the park. I had just chased away a friendly striped snake that had squirmed in through a mouse-hole and settled itself comfortably, wishing to make its home with me. The field-mice trooped silently about the room in dozens, over the table and under the chairs,—but there is no defense against them. The other night they had the impudence to sit on my pillow and pull out my hair for their nests. "Their tameness is shocking to me," as Alexan-

der Selkirk, the original Robinson Crusoe, complained of the beasts on his island.

Plotting against the mice, without lighting a lamp I sat by the doorway as the darkness deepened, for the night was too warm and too fine for lamp-light. The long midsummer twilight faded to a narrow band of gray just over the mountain-peak; and looking out, I could hear none of the familiar sounds of the wilderness—even the murmuring pine-woods were hushed in the perfectly calm night. But presently a soft splashing sound came from the pool in the brook behind the house. It reminded me that for nearly a year I had been

living within fifty steps of a colony of beavers, and had not yet seen a single one of them; for they are never out by daylight and I am never out by night.

The brook which runs through the park dwindles to a very small stream after the summer heat has melted all the snow from the peak; and there would be too little water for the beavers to swim in if they had not built a number of solid dams across the stream, making as many pretty ponds, where they and the muskrats and the wild ducks lead a jolly life together. There is a chain of five of these beaver-ponds, which begins quite near the house. Often in the early morning, we see places where they have been at work all night, mending their dams, cutting down willow bushes, and even felling trees of some size with a smooth cut that a skillful woodman might be proud of; but all day long there is never a sound of work in the silent village. So, hearing something plunging into the pond in the late twilight, I stole to the bank and looked through an opening in the willow thicket. There by the dim light I saw their round, dark bodies swimming around and around and up and down the pond as silently as fishes, with only a gentle splash now and then as they dipped beneath the surface. It must have been a holiday evening with them, for they were taking a rest from their hard work, and it seemed in the darkness as if they were only playing together in the water.

But I had only a little time to watch them, for some slight noise or the scent of the enemy soon spread an alarm, and in a moment every beaver had disappeared from the pond.

Some years ago, we used to read that all the beavers would soon be killed; for beaver fur had long been fashionable, and the price of every skin was very high. It is strange that the life and happiness of millions of little animals in the backwoods of America and Siberia should depend on the whims of the grand ladies of Paris and London; but so it is. When the beaver fur went out of favor, and the slaughter of the Alaska seals began, the beavers increased wonderfully in all the Western creeks and rivers. But if the Princess of Wales should happen to fancy a garment of beaver fur, woe to the unhappy little beavers of the Rocky Mountains! Thousands of other grand ladies must follow the fashion, and thousands of beavers must furnish the fur.

In riding over the green turf of the open country, one sees everywhere white objects which so reflect the strong sunshine that they almost dazzle the eye. These are the bleaching skulls of the buffaloes that used to roam in thousands through this region. Every one has read how,

only fifty years ago, millions of buffaloes wandered over nearly half of the United States; now there are no great herds except in the Territory of Montana, and from that territory more than a hundred thousand skins have been sent to the East in a year. For nearly every skin that is sent away, about half a ton of fine meat is left to decay on the prairie. It is a reckless waste of animal life, and I am sorry to say that our government does very little to stop it. Within ten years there will be no more great herds of buffaloes in the United States. Small bands of them will linger hidden away in valleys, but by the time some boys who read this have lived to be old men, the American bison will probably be seen only where it is kept as a curiosity; just as the one little band of aurochs—the last descendants of the wild cattle which used to roam over all Europe—is kept by the Emperor of Russia. Still, even now, at times, single buffaloes or small bands of them will wander back here to their old grazing-grounds. Last summer a party of hay-makers saw a band of a dozen or more in a remote valley behind the peak. And a few days later, one of our neighbors at the nearest ranch, beyond the mountains, was sitting in the doorway of his snug home one morning, after an early breakfast, when to his astonishment, a great buffalo bull came trotting easily along within a hundred yards of the door. He would hardly have been more surprised had an elephant or a rhinoceros happened in for a morning call; for he had never seen a buffalo, nor had he ever expected to see one at his own ranch. But his surprise left him breath enough to shout, "A buffalo! a buffalo!" The house was full of men just in from the work of gathering beef-cattle for shipment; and at the startling word, every man seized the nearest rifle or pistol or shot-gun, and dashed away to join the chase; only one or two stopping hastily to throw a saddle on a horse. As soon as the chase began, the big beast ran swiftly into the thicket along the creek, and was able to keep out of sight for some time. The chase was long and exciting, but the buffalo's pursuers were too many for him. Some followed up his trail, while others watched the outskirts of the thicket; and at last one of the best marksmen among them, catching sight of the big black body, took a quick line aim and brought the buffalo down with a single bullet; so all the inhabitants of the ranch were feasted with buffalo-meat as long as it could be kept from spoiling. But where the great herds range, there is no such excitement about killing them.

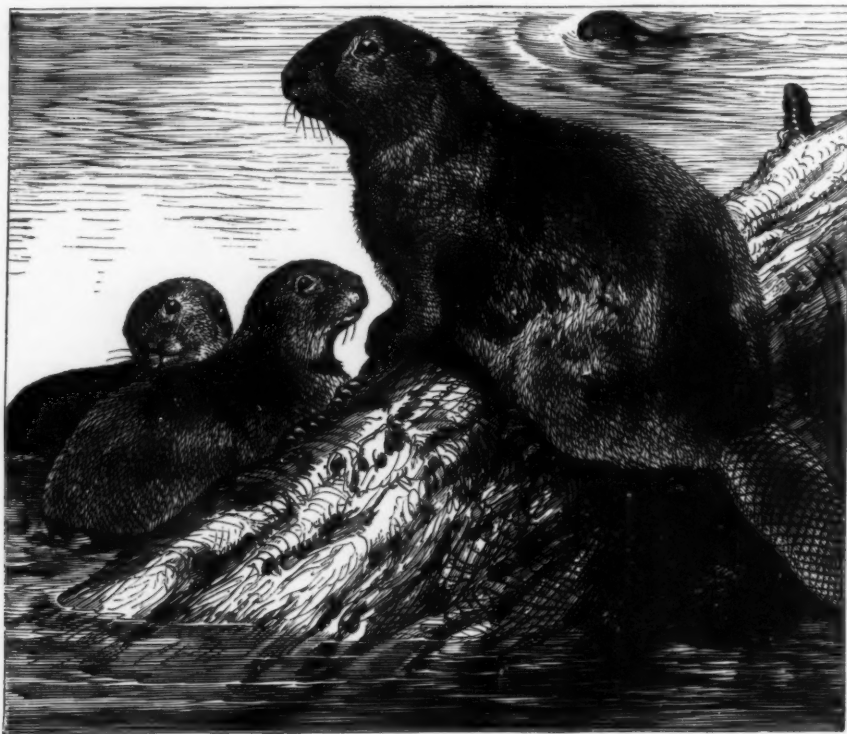
One day a young fellow from the East was listening eagerly with me to the yarns of an old buffalo-hunter, and as the hunter finished his story, the young man said:

"It must be tremendously exciting sport, John!"

"Well, I'll tell you how it is," said John. "It's about as exciting as if you were to go out into the corral and shoot a dozen of those old dairy-cows with a pistol."

With a swift horse, trained to the business, and a heavy revolver, a man who can aim truly may often ride into a herd of buffaloes, overtaking them one by one when they are running their hardest, and, riding close beside them, can put his bullets into the hearts of dozens of them in a single day's hunt. That is the reason why the bison is the first

white-tailed cousin, and wears a quaker-colored coat, which in summer is tinged with brown. Sometimes, on horseback, I have met the deer in the mountains without giving them any alarm, and we have stood and gazed at one another at our leisure, just to satisfy curiosity. But they know that a man on foot or carrying a rifle is a dangerous creature, and they never stop long to look at him. Usually, even before the hunter catches sight of them, they have seen him. They do not bound away through the forest with a jump and a crash; but, even if taken by surprise, they vanish away between the yellow trunks of the pines as silently



"A COLONY OF BEAVERS."

of all the wild animals to disappear at the approach of civilized man—it can not possibly escape from a swift horseman.

The most abundant game animals among the mountains are the deer. The white-tailed deer is small and much like the antelope in color, but has a far more sleek and handsome coat. The black-tailed or mule deer is twice as large as its

as the shadow of the low swooping vulture slides across the grass. They dart so noiselessly through the dark woods that in the distance they seem more like a troop of flying spirits than a herd of animals.

In those parts of the mountains which are so rocky and rough that few animals can approach them, and on the high barrens where the snow

lies late in summer, the beautiful big-horn sheep live undisturbed. It is only when they come down to the streams for water, that the hunter can have a fair chance of shooting them. They are swift and handsome animals. Their heads are crowned with ribbed and curving horns larger than those the broad-horned Texas cattle carry. Their coats are not woolly, but are covered with glossy brown hair, shading off in the lower parts to a white as pure as the snow-drifts among which they live. There are no animals, excepting the Swiss chamois and other wild goats, that can run and jump among jagged rocks as they do; and it is useless for any man or beast to try to chase them on the mountain-tops. But a few weeks ago, before the boys went out to work with the cattle, two of them were searching for horses in a cañon opening westward from the valley, and Gip was trotting along behind them, when a turn in the trail suddenly showed them a flock of wild sheep climbing a steep path up the rocky side of the cañon. Both men took quick aim and fired, and the flock went bounding on toward their home among the crags, with one fine young buck lagging behind, his leg broken by a bullet. Yet no man may hope to overtake a wild sheep among the rocks, even though the sheep has but three legs to go on; so, after wounding their fine game, it seemed as if they must lose him. But just as they were making up their minds to the disappointment, Gip took in the trouble with one quick glance and ran to their aid. He has never been taught to hunt, but he is a very wise dog, and does very well without training. He went scrambling up over the rocks ten times faster than a man could go, and soon headed off the wounded sheep. Now Gip is small, and a wild sheep is very large, and tall like a deer; and it seemed impossible that so little a dog could stop it. But the sheep naturally lowered its head to bring its horns to bear on the dog; and Gip, seeing its head within reach, gave a snap at its nose and hung on for dear life, though he was almost lifted from the ground. Even a mountain sheep can not be very nimble with a broken leg, and a dog on the end of its nose; so the boys soon climbed up after him, and when near enough not to endanger the plucky little dog, they ended the sheep's life with another shot. And so, for many days, all the men at the cabin lived on mutton finer even than the famous mutton that is fattened on the English downs.

Not long ago, old Frank, the man who lives alone at the ranch on the western side of the mountains, had the good fortune to come upon

two little wild lambs in open ground, where he could easily overtake them; for they were only a few days old. Being a lone man and fond of pets, he carried them home in his arms and fed them every day with milk, until they became as tame as kittens. When they grew to be large sheep, their perfect tameness made them famous curiosities



HEAD OF A MULE DEER.

even in the Far West; but they were much greater curiosities when their owner took them to the Eastern States,—for I doubt if a tame bighorn sheep had ever before been seen in an American city. The great price which the rare animals brought well paid the man for all his trouble.

Any of the grazing and browsing animals which live in the Far West may easily be tamed if they are caught young. The antelope and deer are not uncommon pets at the frontier ranches; the mountain sheep and elk can be tamed as readily, but it is more difficult to catch them.

Nearly all the men on the ranches of Wyoming are engaged in the cattle business; and they are so accustomed to throwing the lasso in catching the free cattle and horses, that when they come on the young wild animals, they have little trouble in roping them. The cow-boys, when they are sociable about the roaring hearth-fires in winter, have many curious stories to tell about capturing every

kind of wild animal with their ropes. Sometimes when a few of them are away together gathering cattle, they will come on a bear, and, even if unarmed, it is easy for the boys to throw one or two ropes around the bear and hold it until some armed

Soon this queer, lonely way of living will come to an end for me. Often every day shall I look down the valley, hoping to see the white canvas top of the prairie-schooner heave in sight on the pass leading in from the open country. When all



HEAD OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN WILD SHEEP.

man comes to finish the work. The only trouble is in finding a horse brave enough to run near a bear while his rider throws the rope. One man, very skillful with the rope, has told me how he lassoed a mountain lion. Those great cats are so greedy that when they find a carcass, they will eat until they are stupid and slow in their movements, like a boa constrictor when it is filled with food; so, when this cow-boy found a large old lion just finishing its dinner, he had no difficulty in throwing a noose over its head and dragging it after his horse until another man came up to end its life.


the cow-boys have finished gathering cattle and come home to the peak, the old cabin will be crowded and lively enough. Then the rest of the summer will be filled with hard work in getting together the fat beef-steers and driving them a long journey to the Pacific Railroad, where they will be loaded on trains and carried away to feed the beef-eaters of America and England.

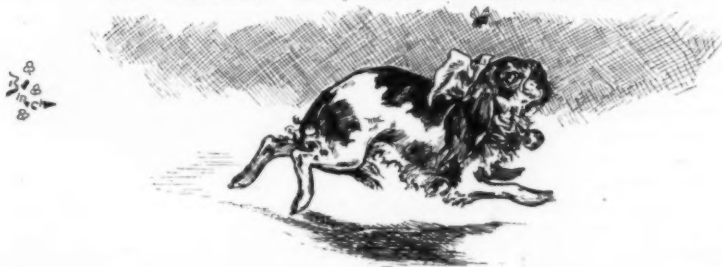
The curlew is still whistling under the plum-bushes not far away, so that the dog sometimes starts up to see who calls him; but now all the fragrant plum-blossoms have fallen away and the

small green fruit hangs in clusters. Midsummer has gone; with it came the scorching south-east wind which turns the grass to hay and kills the flowers like a November frost. And, since they are dead, the wilderness is too lonely. While they lived, they were society enough for a hermit; they smiled a sweet good-morning at every sunrise, and

filled the evening twilight with fragrance which carried my thoughts away to an old New England home and to happy days spent long ago in gathering forest flowers on the Connecticut hills. There has been enough of hermit life for one year. It has been pleasant; but the end of it will be pleasant, too.



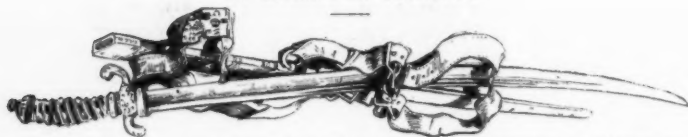
The dangerous dog in the drawing-room lay,
And snapped at the houseflies that came in his way.
"I'm a dangerous canine!" he said
Beware how you trouble a creature of my -  -
But his speech was cut short as he happened to spy
A bumble-bee close to his head!



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[An Historical Biography.]

BY HORACE E. SCUDDER.



WASHINGTON'S SWORD,—NOW IN THE LIBRARY OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. WASHINGTON.

It was hard for Washington at first to forget that he was no longer Commander-in-Chief. He had so long been accustomed to wake early, and

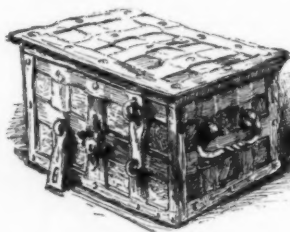


A LAMP THAT ONCE BELONGED TO WASHINGTON—NOW IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

at once begin to think of the cares of the day, that it was a novel sensation to discover that he had no cares beyond looking after his estate. It chanced that the winter of 1783-4 was a very severe one. The roads were blocked with snow, the streams were frozen, and Washington found himself almost a prisoner at Mount Vernon. He was not even able to go to Fredericksburg to see his mother, until the middle of February. He was not sorry for his enforced quiet. It left him leisure to look over his papers and enjoy the company of his wife and his wife's grandchildren, whom he had adopted as his own children. His public papers had been put into the hands of Col. Richard Varick, in 1781, and they were now returned to him, arranged and classified and copied into volumes, in a manner to delight the methodical soul of their author.

As the spring came on, and the snow and ice melted, the roads were again open, and Mount Vernon was soon busy with its old hospitality. Washington foresaw that he would have plenty of visitors, but he did not mean to let his life be at the mercy of everybody, and he meant to keep up his regular habits and his plain living. "My manner of living is plain," he wrote to a friend, "and I do not mean to be put out of it. A glass of wine and a bit of mutton are always ready, and such as will be content to partake of them are always welcome. Those who expect more will be disappointed."

The house at Mount Vernon before this time had been very much like that in which Washington was born; now he found it necessary to enlarge it, and accordingly added an extension at each end, making it substantially as it now appears. He was his own architect, and he drew every plan and specification for the workmen with his own hand. He amused himself also with laying out the grounds about his house, and planting trees,—a great pleasure to him. Every morning he arose early, and despatched his correspondence before breakfast, which was at half-past seven. His horse



WASHINGTON'S TREASURE CHEST.

stood ready at the door, and as soon as breakfast was over, he was in the saddle, visiting the various parts of his estate. Sometimes he went hunting, for he never lost his fondness for the chase. He

dined at three o'clock, and usually spent the afternoon in the library, sometimes working at his papers till nine o'clock; but when not pressed by business, and when his house was full of guests, he

mouth a slight twist, or compression of the lips, that is now observable in the busts which Wright afterward made." A more successful sculptor was Houdon, who was commissioned by Virginia to make a statue of Washington. He also took a plaster model, and the fine statue which he made stands in Richmond. A portrait painter, named Pine, also paid a visit to Mount Vernon about this time with a letter from one of Washington's friends to whom Washington wrote during Pine's visit:

"'In for a penny, in for a pound,' is an old adage. I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil, that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit, like 'patience on a monument,' whilst they are delineating the lines of my face. It is a proof among many others of what habit and custom can effect. At first I was as impatient at the request, and as restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. Now no dray moves more readily to the thill than I do to the painter's chair. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that I yielded a ready obedience to your request, and to the views of Mr. Pine."

Washington was a most considerate and courteous host. He was very fond of young people, but his silent ways and the reputation which he enjoyed as a great man made it difficult for the young always to be easy in his presence.

The story is told of his coming into a room once, when dancing was going on, and the sport suddenly ceased. Washington begged the young people to go on, but they refused until he left the room. Then, after they felt free again to dance, he came back and peeped through the open door.

He was very apt to affect older people in the same way. He was a large man, with large hands and feet, and eyes that looked steadily at one. When not speaking, he was very apt to forget there were other people in the room, and his lips would move as he talked to himself while thinking hard upon some matter. But he did not neglect people. One of his visitors tells this story: "The

first evening I spent under the wing of his hospitality, we sat a full hour at table, by ourselves, without the least interruption, after the family had retired.



WASHINGTON'S SECRETARY AND BOOK-CASE AT MOUNT VERNON.

spent the evening with them. If he was alone with his family, he read aloud to them; and very often on Sundays, when they could not go to church, he sat down and read a sermon and prayers.

Guests crowded upon him, and he was especially glad to see his old comrades. A visit from Lafayette was the occasion of a very gay time, when Mount Vernon was full of visitors, and the days were given to sport.

Washington had constant applications from persons who wished to write his life or paint his portrait. There was a sculptor named Wright who undertook to get a model of Washington's face. "Wright came to Mount Vernon," so Washington tells the story, "with the singular request that I should permit him to take a model of my face, in plaster of Paris, to which I consented with some reluctance. He oiled my features, and placing me flat upon my back, upon a cot, proceeded to daub my face with the plaster. Whilst I was in this ludicrous attitude, Mrs. Washington entered the room, and seeing my face thus overspread with the plaster, involuntarily exclaimed. Her cry excited in me a disposition to smile, which gave my



ONE OF A SET OF FIRE-BUCKETS AT MOUNT VERNON.

I was extremely oppressed with a severe cold and excessive coughing, contracted from the exposure of a harsh winter journey. He pressed me to use some remedies, but I declined doing so. As usual, after retiring, my coughing increased. When some time had elapsed, the door of my room was gently opened and, on drawing my bed-curtains, to my utter astonishment I beheld Washington himself standing at my bed-side, with a bowl of hot tea in

which he owned there; but he looked about him not only as a land-owner, but as a wise, far-seeing statesman.

It was a wild journey to take in those days. Washington traveled nearly seven hundred miles on horseback, and had to carry camping conveniences and many of his supplies on pack-horses. He had especially in mind to see if there might be a way of connecting by a canal the water system of Virginia with the Western rivers. After he came back, he wrote a long letter to the Governor of Virginia, in which he gave the result of his observation and reflection. He was not merely considering how a profitable enterprise could be undertaken, but he was thinking how necessary it was to bind the Western country to the Eastern in order to strengthen the Union. Many people had crossed the mountains and were scattered in the Mississippi Valley. They found the Mississippi River a stream easy to sail down, but the Spaniards held the mouth of the river, and if the latter chose to make friends with those Western settlers, they might easily estrange them from the Eastern States. Besides this, Great Britain was reaching down toward this last territory from Canada. In every way, it seemed to him of importance that good roads and good water communication should bind the East and the West together. He thought Virginia was the State to do this. It extended then far to the westward, and it had great rivers flowing to the sea. It was the most important State in the country, and it was very natural that Washington should look to it to carry out his grand ideas; for the separate States had the power at that time—Congress was unable to do anything. It is interesting to see how Washington, who thought he could go back to Mount Vernon and be a planter, was unable to keep his mind from working upon a great plan which intended the advantage of a vast number of people. He was made to care for great things, and he cared for them naturally.



HOUDON'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

his hand. I was mortified and distressed beyond expression."

Although Washington had now retired to Mount Vernon, and seemed perfectly willing to spend the rest of his days as a country gentleman, it was impossible for him to do so. The leaders of the country needed him, and he was himself too deeply interested in affairs to shut his eyes and ears. He was especially interested in the Western country, which then meant the Ohio Valley and the region bordered by the Great Lakes. In the autumn of 1784, he made a tour beyond the Alleghanies, for the purpose of looking after the lands

CHAPTER XXIII.

CALLED TO THE HELM.

WHILE Washington was busy planting trees at Mount Vernon and making excursions to see his Western lands, the country was like a vessel which had no captain or pilot, drifting into danger. During the War for Independence, one of the greatest difficulties which Washington had to overcome was the unwillingness of the several States to act together as one nation. They called themselves the United States of America, but they were very loosely united. Congress was the only

body that held them together, and Congress had no power to make the States do what they did not care to do. So long as they all were fighting for independence, they managed to hold together; but as soon as the war was over and the States were recognized as independent, it was very hard to get them to do anything as one nation. Every State was looking out for itself, and afraid that the others might gain some advantage over it.

This could not go on forever. They must be either wholly independent of one another or more closely united. The difficulty was more apparent where two States were neighbors. Virginia and Massachusetts might manage to live apart, though in that case troubles would be sure to arise, but how could Virginia and Maryland maintain their individual independence? The Chesapeake and Potomac seemed to belong to one as much as to the other; and when foreign vessels came up the stream, was each State to have its own rules and regulations? No. They must treat strangers at any rate in some way that would not make each the enemy of the other.

These two States felt this so strongly that they appointed a commission to consider what could be done. Washington was a member of the commission, and asked all the gentlemen to his house. They not only discussed the special subject committed to them, but they looked at the whole matter of the regulation of commerce in a broad way, and agreed to propose to the two States to appoint other commissioners, who should advise with Congress and ask all the States of the Union to send delegates to a meeting where they could arrange some system by which all the States should act alike in their treatment of foreign nations and of each other.

That was exactly what Congress ought to have been able to do, but could not, because nobody paid any attention to it. Nor did this meeting, which was called at Annapolis in September, 1786, accomplish very much. Only five States sent delegates, and these delegates were so carefully instructed not to do much, that it was impossible for the convention to settle affairs. Still, it was a step forward. It was very clear to the delegates that a general convention of all the States was necessary, and so they advised another meeting at which all the thirteen States should be represented, and the whole subject of the better union of the States should be considered.

This meeting, which was the great Constitutional Convention of 1787, was held in Philadelphia, and to it Virginia sent George Washington as one of her delegates. He was heart and soul in favor of the movement. It was what he had been urging on all his correspondents for a long

time. He was at first reluctant to go back into public life after having so completely retired; but as soon as he saw that it was his duty to accept the appointment, he set to work to qualify himself for taking part in the deliberations of the convention. Probably no one in America understood better than he the character of Americans and the special dangers through which the country was passing; but several, no doubt, were better informed about the practical working of government and about the history of other confederations. He had never been very much of a reader of books, but he had been a member for many years of the Virginia House of Burgesses, and so knew how government was carried on on a small scale, and now he began to read diligently and to compare accounts of ancient and modern political unions. He made abstracts of them, and, in fact, went to work as if he were at school, so in earnest was he to learn this important lesson.

On May 9, 1787, Washington set out from Mount Vernon in his carriage for Philadelphia. He was a famous man and could not go to the convention without attracting attention. So, when he reached Chester, in Pennsylvania, he was met by General Mifflin, who was then Speaker of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, and by various public men, who escorted him on the way. At the ferry across the Schuylkill, where Gray's Ferry Bridge now is, he was met by a company of light horse, and so entered the city. One of his first errands was to call on Benjamin Franklin, who was President of Pennsylvania, as the governor was then called. No doubt they talked long and earnestly about the work before them, for they were the two most eminent men in the convention.

Washington was made the presiding officer of the convention. For four months it met from day to day, engaged in the great work of forming the Constitution under which we are now governed. There were many long and earnest debates; and the members felt the importance of the work upon which they were engaged. At last, the Constitution was formed. It was not satisfactory to everybody, but the members all agreed to sign it and recommend it to the country for adoption. George Washington, as president of the convention, was the first to set his name down; and there is a tradition that as he took the pen in his hand he arose from his seat, considered a moment, and then said:

"Should the States reject this excellent Constitution, the probability is that an opportunity will never again be offered to cancel another in peace; the next will be drawn in blood."

Washington, as president of the convention, was directed to draw up a letter, stating what the convention had done, and send it with the Con-

stitution to Congress. This he did. He was not entirely satisfied with the Constitution, as he wrote to Patrick Henry: "I wish the Constitution which is offered had been more perfect; but I sincerely believe it is the best that could be obtained at this time. And, as a constitutional door is opened for amendments hereafter, the adoption of it, under the present circumstances of the Union, is, in my opinion, desirable."

He said at first that he should not say anything for or against the Constitution. If it were good, it would work its way; if bad, it would recoil on those who drew it up. Perhaps he thought it was not becoming in those who discussed its parts and finally signed it, to do anything more than send it out and leave the people to do what they would with it. But he could not keep silent long. Everybody was debating it; the principal members of the convention were defending it; there was danger that it would not be adopted, and soon Washington, in his letters, was using arguments in support of it. There is no doubt that his name at the head of the paper did a great deal toward inducing people to accept it. It was more than a year before enough States had adopted the Constitution to make it the law of the land, but as time went on, and it was more certain that the new government would go into operation, the question arose as to who should be the first President of the United States. It can hardly be called a question; at any rate, it was answered at once by all. Every one named Washington, and his friends began to write to him as if there could be no doubt on this point. The most distinguished advocate of the new Constitution, Alexander Hamilton, who had been one of Washington's aids in the war, wrote to him:

"I take it for granted, sir, you have concluded to comply with what will, no doubt, be the general call of your country in relation to the new government. You will permit me to say that it is indispensable you should lend yourself to its first operations. It is to little purpose to have introduced a system, if the weightiest influence

is not given to its firm establishment in the outset.

Washington was by no means elated at the prospect. On the contrary, he was extremely re-



SUGAR-BOWL BELONGING TO A DINNER-SET PRESENTED TO MARTHA WASHINGTON BY GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

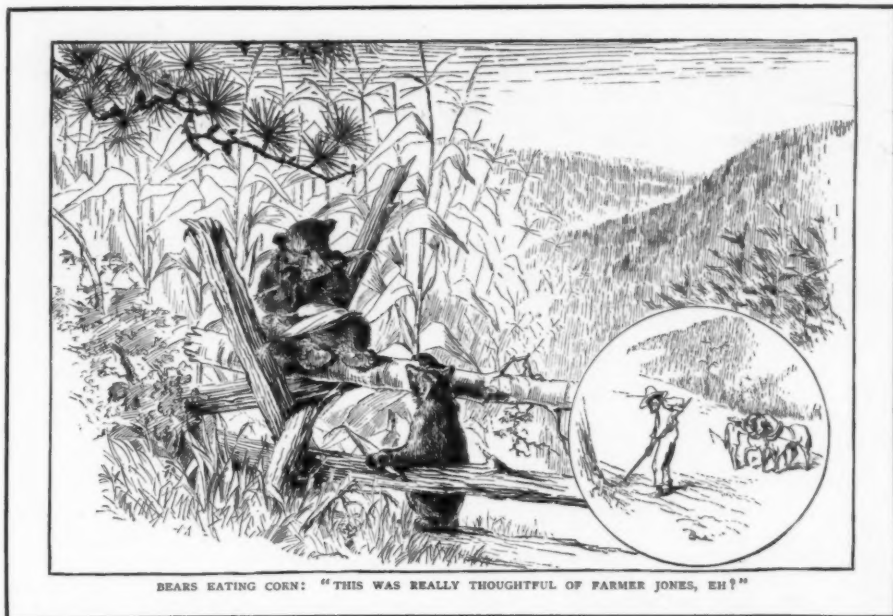
luctant to be President. He was not old; he was fifty-seven years of age when the election took place, but his hard life as a soldier had broken his constitution, and the cares and anxieties he had undergone had made him feel old. "At my time of life," he wrote to Lafayette, "and under my circumstances, the increasing infirmities of nature and the growing love of retirement do not permit me to entertain a wish beyond that of living and dying an honest man on my own farm. Let those follow the pursuits of ambition and fame who have a keener relish for them, or who may have more years in store for the enjoyment." He was perfectly sincere in saying this. He knew that some people would not believe him, and would assert that he was only saying all this to get the credit of humility; but his best friends believed him, and to one of these he wrote: "If I should receive the appointment, and if I should be prevailed upon to accept it, the acceptance would be attended with more diffidence and reluctance than ever I experienced before in my life. It would be, however, with a fixed and sole determination of lending whatever assistance might be in my power to promote the public weal, in hopes that, at a convenient and early period, my services might be dispensed with, and that I might be permitted once more to retire, to pass an unclouded evening, after the stormy day of life, in the bosom of domestic tranquillity."

There never was any doubt about the people's choice. Every vote was cast for Washington.

(To be continued.)



CRAB-TREE STAFF PRESENTED BY BENJ. FRANKLIN TO GEN. WASHINGTON; NOW IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON.



TODDLEKINS AND TROT.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.



"DEAR TODDLEKINS," said little Trot,
 "May I talk to you a while?"
 "Why, yeth, of courthe," said Toddlekins,
 With a bashful little smile.

"Now, Toddlekins," said little Trot,
 "If we should meet a bear"——
 "Good graciouth me!" said Toddlekins,
 "You give me thuch a thcare!"

"If we should meet a bear," said Trot,
 "Would you let me save your life?"
 "Oh merthy! Yeth!" said Toddlekins,
 "But I will *not* be your wife!"



OUR ADVENTURE AT THE FLUME.

BY W. L.



DARK, solemn-looking place it was, and although Fred and I were as dauntless explorers as Stanley or Greely, our courage began to ooze away as we looked in at the gloomy flume from which issued the cold and sluggish water. We had come upon the ruined archway of an old mill, still standing with crumbling walls above the slow-moving waters of its former busy tail-race. The low, dark archway was overhung with birch, witch-hazel, and thimbleberry; and as we peered into its blackness, suggestions of dragons and serpents, castle-dungeons and witches' caverns and monsters' dens came into our minds already sufficiently full of wild,

boyish fancies and strange imaginings.

Fred "double dared" me to go in, and I was foolish enough to think that no boy of spirit could refuse a "double dare." So, cutting weapons from the sapling birches, we stepped into the cold and repulsive-looking water. B-r-r-r!—what a shiver it gave us!

It was late in the afternoon. The shadows that lay in the deep ravines along the mountain-side looked strange and weird; and as we stepped

within the gloom of the archway, a blue heron, gaunt and ungainly, with its twisted neck and long, dangling legs, flew down the creek, uttering its harsh and dismal cry.

Neither Fred nor I was feeling remarkably lion-hearted; the call of the heron had brought our hearts almost into our mouths; and just then, as we stood hesitating and peering in, something moved in the darkness beyond us, and a black object that seemed, as Fred said, "as big as an



THE ENTRANCE TO THE FLUME.

eagle" flung itself out of the shadows full into our startled faces.

Panic-stricken, we turned to fly. The bottom of the pool was slippery, the roof of the archway was low; Fred's feet flew up, my head received a sud-

den bump, and both of us went down in six inches of water.

With a shriek of terror from each valiant explorer thus stricken down by the magic spells of the goblin of the den, we scrambled to our feet,

dripping and disheartened, and made for the light; and as we did so we caught a glimpse of our assailant skimming away in the twilight—neither goblin, witch, nor monster, but only a harmless and equally frightened black bat.



There once was a crafty young Crab
 Who always went round in a cab
 He wished no one to say
 That he walked the wrong way
 But his coachman the secret did blab





MORRA.

BY SUSAN ANNA BROWN.

MONG boys and girls there is a constant demand for new games, and many are invented every year, which are in fashion for a few months and then disappear altogether.

But almost every successful game is an adaptation of some old amusement that was enjoyed centuries ago. Tennis, base-ball, marbles, and many other common sports have been played for ages, in one form or another, while most games of cards can be traced back to the sixteenth century.

Many games which seem very simple and hardly worthy of the name require, in reality, considerable skill and dexterity. This is especially true of the game of Morra, which is played enthusiastically in Italy by persons of all ages.

Almost any day, in walking along a Roman street, a little group may be discovered gathered about a pair of Morra-players. From the noise and excitement, a foreigner would conclude that a quarrel of some sort was going on; but if he pause and join the company, he will see that the chief actors are all interested in the progress of the game, and that the loud screams which the players give at brief intervals are nothing more dangerous than the simultaneous calling out of numbers. He will also see that their eyes are fixed too earnestly on each other to notice the increasing crowd of spectators, and that both have their left hands constantly raised, and that at each shout the right hands are thrown violently forward. This is the old, old game of Morra which is referred to by Cicero, and other writers of his day. On many ancient monuments are found carvings which represent Morra-players. It was played on

the banks of the Nile in the time of the Pharaohs; and in spite of its simplicity it is still a standard amusement around the Levant.

Perhaps some of the boys and girls on this side of the water would like to try it; but I shall warn them that, although it seems easy enough, it will require considerable practice to become at all proficient in it.

The two players are placed opposite each other, and simultaneously each throws out the right hand with some of the fingers extended, while the rest are doubled over the palm, at the same instant shouting out the sum of the fingers which he guesses are extended on his adversary's hand and his own. Of course, knowing how many he has put up himself, the only point is to guess the number of his adversary and instantly add it to his own, a process which requires some practice and experience, as an experiment will soon show, beginners often making amusing mistakes; as, for instance, saying "ten!" when they themselves have only one or two fingers up, or "four!" when the whole hand is extended.

If both guess correctly, or incorrectly, neither makes anything, but if one happens to hit the right number when his adversary misses, he scores one, by extending one finger on the left hand, which is held up constantly, that no unfair count may be recorded. The game is usually five, but sometimes "double morra" is played, the score being 'ten. In this case, at the end of the first five, the hands are brought together with a slap, to indicate that the second half is begun. This slap is also given at the completion of an ordinary game.

The great point is to play as rapidly as possible and exactly in unison, as otherwise an opportunity is given for unfair advantage.

A very old Latin proverb describes an honest man as, "Trustworthy enough to play Morra in the dark"; and it is a very good description, for one who has no honor about trifles can never be trusted in graver matters.



THE KELP-GATHERERS.

[A Story of the Maine Coast.]

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE OLD COW'S BACK.



NCE more in the boat's stern with his steering paddle, Perce Bucklin gazed eagerly over the bobbing heads of the twins, who were rowing, and reported his observations, as they approached the castaway on the back of the "Old Cow."

"It 's nobody I can make out," he said, when near enough to recognize, as he believed, any person he knew. "But that is n't a yachting-cap he has on; it 's a handkerchief tied around his head. The sun on the water dazzles me or I — Boys," he suddenly exclaimed, "it is n't a man! It 's a boy!"

And he shouted, "Hello, there!"

The castaway returned the hail, and as the boat came nearer, cried out:

"That you, Perce Bucklin?"

Then Perce uttered an ejaculation of the greatest astonishment:

"Boys, it 's Olly Burdeen!"

"No!" "Jingo!" "You don't say!" exclaimed the twins, who would n't believe him until they turned their heads and saw for themselves.

"Hullo, Olly!" called Moke.

"How did you ever get there?" asked Poke.

"Pull, boys!" said Perce impatiently, as they held their oars while looking around. "He must have been aboard the yacht,"—for as yet Olly made no answer. He was in fact too much agitated with joy and gratitude, after his long hours of suffering in mind and body, to make any coherent explanations.

The dory came dancing over the waves.

"Where 's the yacht?" Perce demanded.

"I don't know anything about any yacht," answered the miserable, happy Olly, stepping down to the water's edge to meet his deliverers.

"Has n't the Susette been lost?" Perce inquired.

As he was still some little distance away, and the waves were dashing on the rocks, all Olly understood was something about the Susette being lost.

It gave him a shock, with which, however, came a gleam of consolation. Mr. Hatville, then, had not returned home.

I will do Olly the justice to say that he could not under any circumstances have rejoiced at such a disaster as the wreck of the yacht; yet it was some comfort to think that the loss of the watch had not yet been discovered.

"I have n't heard of it!" Olly said in a shaky voice.

"Then how in the world did you get where you are?" inquired Perce, and as Olly was too much overcome by his feelings to answer at once, he continued: "We concluded you must have been aboard of the Susette. Where 's the best place to take you on?"

"Right here," said Olly. "But I 've a boat, too, around on the other side. I 'd like to save that."

"A boat!" Moke exclaimed. "Then why in the name of common sense —"

"Why did n't you go ashore?" cried Poke.

"It leaks, and I have n't any oars nor anything to bail with. It was all I could do to get over here in it, without sinking. I was on the "Calf's" back till the waves began to break over it this morning."

Here a sob caught poor Olly's voice, at the recollection of all he had gone through.

"On the 'Calf'!" said Perce. "How did it happen? But never mind about that till we get you out of your scrape."

The dory pulled around the "Old Cow," while Olly scrambled over the back, picking up on his way the second thwart, which he had used to paddle with, and afterward in making his signals of distress.

On the seaward side was a cleft in the rock, into which he had propelled his dory on the top of a wave, and where, leaping to the ledges, he had held it by the painter while the wave went out. There it was still, jammed high up in the chasm, where the buffets of the tide had left it.

Olly alone could never have got it out without waiting for the next tide to help him; it was all his companions could do to loosen and lift it from those rocky jaws. This they did, after effecting a landing on the little islet; while Olly, who acknowledged himself half starved, ate some of the provis-

ions they had brought, and between mouthfuls told his surprising story.

One very important particular, however, he took care not to mention, so that no light was thrown upon the mystery of the watch which had found its resting-place in Perce Bucklin's pocket.

It would be hard to say whether this was a disappointment or a relief to the finder. He had so fully persuaded himself that there was some connection between the watch picked up on the beach and the human being cast on the rock, that he could not easily give it up, even after discovering who that human being was.

True, Olly was not a very probable owner of such a timepiece. Yet that was not an impossible thing; at any rate, he might know something about it. Perce was anxious to solve the riddle, even if it should be at his own cost; for he had no wish, as I have said before, to keep what belonged to another.

"I did n't know you in that suit of clothes, Olly," he said, as they were getting the boat out of the crevice, "and with that handkerchief on your head! I never saw such a change in anybody,—did you, boys?"

"He looks as pinched as if the lobsters had been nipping him," said Moke.

"And as blue about the gills as a turkey-gobbler," said Poke.

"I lost my hat overboard last night," said Olly, "I tied on my handkerchief this morning after I got tired of waving it. I thought you would be more apt to see the board. Was n't I missed? Was n't anybody looking for me?"

"No," Perce replied. "The young lady with the nose—the tall one—said you went with the yachters."

"She!" exclaimed Olly, who still had feelings left that could be hurt by such evidence of Amy Canfield's utter indifference to him. "She knew better than that."

"Mrs. Murcher knew better," said Perce. "She thought you had gone home to show your new suit to the folks. Did the boarder make you any other present?"

"Was n't that enough?" returned Olly, munching a cold boiled egg.

"It will do for a beginning," said Perce. "But with such a suit as that, it seems as if you ought to have a handsome—watch-chain; need n't mind about any watch," he added with a laugh, intending thus to make a jest of his remark if Olly did n't take it in earnest.

Poor Olly tried to smile with his pinched, em-purpled face; at the same time casting down his eyes in some alarm, to see what there was about his dress to put such a notion into Perce's head.

"Olly does n't feel like joking," observed Moke.

"Neither would you, I guess!" exclaimed Olly, glad to change the subject. "All night on the rocks except when I was paddling or swimming for my life. No fire, not a mouthful to eat, not a wink of sleep! I got wet through a second time, getting over here from the 'Calf,' in a sinking boat. I can't tell you how it made me feel, boys, to see your fire on the beach last night, and again this morning! Why did n't you see me? I tried the handkerchief, and then the board, but I thought you never would look!"

"We were too far off," said Poke.

"We were too busy minding our own business," said Moke.

"That reminds me, the seaweed is waiting for us," said Poke. "Hurry up, boys!"

Perce was the last to leave the island; and he himself got wet up to his waist by a wave, in preventing the boat from being dashed upon the rocks after the others were aboard.

He did not care for a little salt water himself. But he thought of the watch in the pocket of his trousers. That, however, would probably not be much hurt by a few additional drops after what it had been through already. As far as he was concerned, the mystery had not been cleared up, at all, as he had expected it would be, by the rescue of the castaway.

If Olly had frankly told his entire story, how gladly would Perce have taken the treasure-trove from his pocket and held it out to him, exclaiming: "Here is your watch, boy!" gladdening his eyes with the sight. But as it was, both were silent on the subject which now filled both their minds.

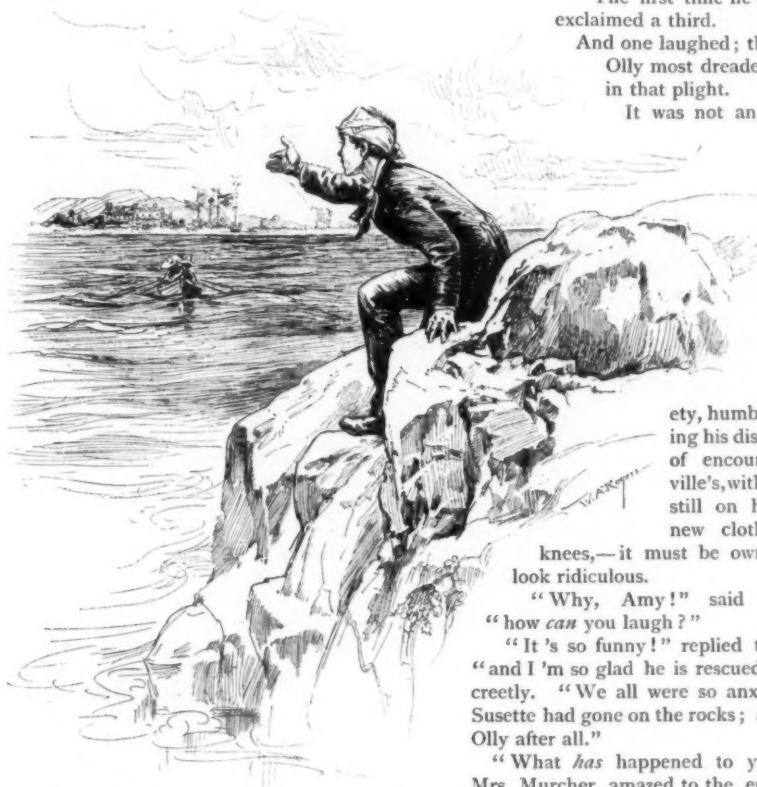
Olly had already learned from his companions that their only reasons for thinking the yacht had been wrecked, was the fact of its not having returned the night before, and the appearance, that morning, of a human form on the outlying rock,—excepting always the very private reason in Perce Bucklin's trousers-pocket.

Mr. Hatville was then most likely still undrowned; and now that his own life was saved, Olly began to study how he should shirk the responsibility of his guilty borrowing,—in his troubled thoughts looking every way except the right way, and inventing plausible fictions, where nothing would avail like the simple truth. He sat in the stern of his companions' dory, leading his own in tow by the painter; dejected and silent, and more than once thinking he would watch for a chance, when nobody was observing him, to drop overboard the watch-seal and the fragment of chain which he still carried in his vest.

CHAPTER XIV.

OLLY HAS A BAD DREAM.

LONG before the rescuers and the rescued reached the shore with their leaky boat in tow, the excitement among Mrs. Murcher's boarders in regard to the yacht had been allayed by a telegram. The adverse wind of the evening before had caused



"THE CASTAWAY RETURNED THE HAIL, AS THE BOAT CAME NEARER."

the *Susette* to put into Portland; whence some of the party were to return by rail that morning.

So said the message; in consequence of which, interest in the unknown individual on the back of the "Old Cow" languished somewhat, until the arrival of the little party on the beach. Then it went up to the bubbling point again; and there was the liveliest effervescence of curiosity to know how Olly Burdeen, the faithful, unromantic chore and errand boy, had met with so wonderful an adventure.

VOL. XIII.—54.

Accompanied, or preceded, by those who had gone down to see him disembark, he mounted with slow, miserable, anxious feet the piazza steps.

There all the other ladies came out eagerly to meet him, and pressed around, marveling and questioning; and Mrs. Murcher, flushed from her molding-board, held up both her doughy hands.

"Why, Olly! where *have* you been?" said one.

"In his new suit of clothes!" said another.

"The first time he ever wore them!" exclaimed a third.

And one laughed; the one of all whom Olly most dreaded to have see him in that plight.

It was not an ill-natured laugh by any means; and she would have helped it if she could. But Amy Canfield had a merry disposition. And Olly after his night of terror and fatigue, still oppressed with a horrible anxiety,

humbled, drooping, rolling his distressed eyes in fear of encountering Mr. Hatville's, with the handkerchief still on his head and his new clothes torn at the

knees,—it must be owned that Olly did look ridiculous.

"Why, Amy!" said Mrs. Merriman,

"how *can* you laugh?"

"It's so funny!" replied the tall brunette; "and I'm so glad he is rescued," she added, discreetly. "We all were so anxious, thinking the *Susette* had gone on the rocks; and it was only our Olly after all."

"What *has* happened to you, Olly?" cried Mrs. Murcher, amazed to the end of her doughy fingers.

"I just went out to take a little row, last evening," murmured the forlorn Olly. "I lost one oar; it got tangled in the kelp, and a wave wrenched it out of my hand. Then I broke another, and the wind blew me off shore."

"And you've been all night on the 'Old Cow'?" said the good landlady.

"Worse than that," said Olly. "I was on the 'Calf.' And a part of the time in the water. I guess if anybody had been there on the 'Calf's' back in my place—alone—such a night!—waiting for the tide to rise and cover 'em—I guess

they would n't have thought it much of a joke!" And Olly's voice broke.

"It must have been terrible, Olly! Do forgive my laughing!" said Amy, relenting. "How did you get to the 'Old Cow'?"

Olly faltered forth more of his wretched story, which was listened to with many an expression of surprise and sympathy, for he was rather a favorite with Mrs. Murcher and her lady boarders.

He had wished to go directly home to Frog-End, and had tried to induce the boys to carry him over in the ox-cart. But they were in haste to resume their work, which had been too long interrupted already; and they could not see why he should object to returning to the boarding-house.

After all, he thought to himself, the dreaded inquiry regarding the watch might as well be met first as last.

The kindness he met with made him feel more miserably remorseful and apprehensive than ever, for he knew that it was lavished upon him because his friends were still ignorant of what might at any minute now come to their knowledge.

He was really worn out with the long, fearful strain on his mind and strength, and he was quite willing to accept Mrs. Murcher's advice that he should go at once to bed and "take something hot."

The nucleus of the boarding-house was, as we have said, an old farm-house, which accounted for its not very sightly situation, there in a hollow of the hills. Besides the spacious addition, the original building remained, and at the end of the upper corridor was the old attic, with two or three steps descending to the door.

Olly's room was there, and there he was soon in bed, with ample leisure to think over the terrible part of his experience which was happily past, and the part which was unhappily to come.

He had not ventured to ask about the yachting party, lest something concerning the watch should come out. But he had accidentally overheard some one speak of the Susette having run into Portland. Everything else was uncertain. But, thankful for a reprieve however brief from the impending catastrophe, he ate the steaming gruel Mrs. Murcher brought him, sank into a state of stupor, and was soon rehearsing in dreams his dire adventures.

He was having a distressing conversation with a dog-fish of enormous size. The monster came up out of the sea, and resting its elbow on the "Calf's" shoulder, and its face on its hand,—a face and attitude grotesquely suggestive of Mr. Hatville,—accused Olly of having one of that gentleman's eyes in his pocket, although there

were two spectral eyes as big as watches in the speaker's head, at the moment. The dispute was growing frightfully loud, when Olly cut it short by kicking the dog-fish, or Mr. Hatville, or whoever it was, back into the sea, and immediately woke.

CHAPTER XV.

IT WAS NOT A DOG-FISH.

It is generally a very good way to get out of trouble, to wake, and find it a dream. But that did not serve Olly's turn this time. The voice was still heard, louder and louder, not in the sea, as he had fancied, but behind the door which separated his garret from the corridor.

"I paid two hundred and forty dollars for that watch, and fifteen dollars for the chain, let alone the seal, and I want to know who has them!"

It was Mr. Hatville's voice pure and simple, without any fishy element about it. At the same time a good pair of boots, such as no dog-fish ever wore, were tramping excitedly across the floor. Poor Mrs. Murcher's anxious, protesting voice was heard in reply, but not loud enough for Olly to make out the words.

"I hung it up when I was changing my clothes, and then went off and forgot it!" burst forth the male voice again. "But I supposed it would be safe here. I did n't know you had thieves in your house, Mrs. Murcher!"

"I have n't, sir! unless they are among your own friends," the landlady answered, in a higher key than before. "I don't believe it is stolen. It must be somewhere!"

"Of course it's somewhere!" the boarder retorted—"somewhere in some rogue's keeping. I'd like to see the fellow who dared to lay hands on it—the best time-keeper I ever saw! Stem-winder; chronometer movement; heavy, fine gold case! I had it regulated down to the finest point; it was losing only about a second and a half a month."

Other voices here joined in; the corridor appeared to be filling with boarders, all excited by the news of Mr. Hatville's loss.

"No," said that gentleman; "I was n't at all anxious about it; only, when I found we could n't get back last night, I was vexed to think it would run down. I would n't have had that happen for five dollars. Where's Olly?" he demanded. "He must know something about it."

Olly trembled in his bed. He would have preferred just then to take his chances with a whole school of dog-fishes, of the largest size, rather than confront the wrathful owner of the watch.

"I don't think he knows anything about it,"

said Mrs. Murcher, now quite near Olly's door. "He has been away all night; he has had a terrible time out at sea—in the sea—and on the rocks. Don't disturb him! He's fast asleep."

"If he has n't slept for a week, and can't sleep again for a fortnight," cried Hatville, "I'll have him up and see if he knows anything about that watch."

"Let me speak to him!" said Mrs. Murcher. "You've no idea how weak and tired and worn out he is. I've got him into a perspiration, and now if it is checked, I shall expect nothing in the world but that he will have a fit of sickness, and may be never get over it."

"It ought not to check an honest boy's perspiration, to tell what he knows about my chronometer," Hatville muttered, while Mrs. Murcher, stepping down the two or three stairs that led to the old attic, opened Olly's door.

"Sh!" she whispered gently, motioning Mr. Hatville back. "He's so sound asleep! It's such a pity to wake him, poor boy! But I suppose I must."

Olly lay with his back toward her, with his head and face covered by the sheet. His perspiration had n't ceased, by any means; he felt that he was fast dissolving in a clammy feeling of abject fear.

"He's in such a beautiful, dewy, childlike, innocent sleep!" said the motherly Mrs. Murcher, laying her hand softly on his brow. "Just the thing he needs; better than all the medicine in the world!" She was tempted to add, "or than all the watches!"

Still Hatville did not relent. Without strongly suspecting Olly of taking the watch, he was yet determined to pursue his investigations, even if he broke the most beautiful, dewy, childlike, innocent slumber on earth.

"Shake him!" he said.

So Mrs. Murcher shook, gently at first, then more and more vigorously, saying, "Olly! Oliver! Olly Burdeen! Oliver Burdeen!" more and more loudly in his ear, until he suddenly sprang up with a muttered cry.

"Stop that boat! stop that—she's running on the 'Old Cow'! Oh, boys!—where am I?"

And, appearing to recognize Mrs. Murcher's presence for the first time, he rolled up his eyes and sank back with a groan on the pillow.

XVI.

A BAD AWAKING.

"He's delirious!" whispered the landlady.

"He's dreaming," replied the boarder.

"Olly! Wake up a minute! What's become of my watch?"

"Watch?" repeated Olly, still disguising his real fears in a well-feigned fictitious terror. "What watch? I thought I was in the water again!"

His voice trembled, though not altogether from that more remote cause which he desired to impress upon the minds of spectators.

"My watch, which I left hanging in the case beside my bureau when I went yachting yesterday," said Hatville, as much imposed upon as the sympathizing Mrs. Murcher herself. "What has become of it?"

"Your watch?" Olly repeated, with a bewildered air, as if beginning dimly to comprehend the question. "How should I know? I've been away. I've been wrecked. Have n't they told you?"

"You have n't the watch, have you?" exclaimed the landlady.

"His watch? Mr. Hatville's? Of course I have n't! What should I have his watch for?"

The brunt of the inquiry thus met, Olly felt that he was acting his part very well, and took courage. Then somebody in the corridor whispered to Mr. Hatville, who immediately asked:

"What boy was that who came here to the house for you last evening?"

"Boy? I don't know of any boy!" said Olly.

"You remember, Amy; you showed him upstairs," said Mrs. Merriman.

"I know the one you mean; one of the Frog-End boys!" exclaimed Mrs. Murcher. "He said he and some friends of Olly's were camping on the beach, and they wanted him to join them. It can't be that he took it!"

"Who showed him upstairs? You, Amy?" cried Hatville.

It was a moment of fearful suspense to Olly, who remembered what Perce had said of coming to invite him to their picnic, and learning that he had either sailed in the yacht or gone home to show his new clothes. He stopped breathing to hear Amy's reply, in clear, silvery tones, from the farther end of the corridor.

"Yes; I showed him up, and pointed out Olly's room. Mrs. Murcher thought Olly was there, trying on his new clothes."

"But he was n't," said Mrs. Murcher. "And the boy came downstairs again in a very few minutes."

"Where was he during those few minutes?" Mr. Hatville demanded. "Did you watch him, Amy?"

"I? No, indeed! Why should I take the trouble to watch him?" cried Miss Canfield.

"What was to prevent his going into my room," Hatville inquired, "and taking the watch?"

"Nothing that I know of." The silvery accents faltered. "I don't know but I am to blame, Mr. Hatville!"

"Oh, no! It was n't your business to watch strangers who gain admission to the house," said Hatville.

"But I did something which I see now was very indiscreet," Amy exclaimed. "It was growing

Olly overheard this conversation with strangely mingled feelings of envy and remorse, of fear and guilt. How admirable was Amy's prompt confession of her fault, and how readily it was forgiven! Why could n't he have had a little of her courage, owned his folly, and thrown himself upon Mr. Hatville's mercy! His implied denial had now cut him off from that only noble course; and he saw no way to disentangle the web in which he had involved both himself and his friend.



"SHAKE HIM," SAID MR. HATVILLE."

quite dark in the passage, and I opened the door of your room to let in more light. I knew you were not there, and I had no idea your watch was. I am very sorry."

"You are very frank," replied Hatville. "But don't blame yourself. Of course, you had no idea of putting temptation in the way of a rogue."

"No; and I can't believe he was a rogue—such a fine, honest-looking face as he had!" Amy exclaimed. "But I had no business to open your door."

"Was n't it the same boy who came here again this morning?" asked Mr. Merriman. "He had discovered Olly on the 'Old Cow,'—though nobody knew it was Olly; and he came to get oars and a spy-glass."

"Yes," said one of the other ladies; "and he came upstairs to look from the windows. He might have gone into your room then, Mr. Hatville."

"But if he had stolen the watch the night before, would he have shown his face here again

this morning?" argued the landlady, who had been too much bewildered by what had occurred in her house, to take much part in the previous conversation.

"He might have done just that thing," Hatville replied, "in order to brazen it out, and make a show of innocence. But most likely he saw the chronometer then, and, having had time to think about it, he watched for a chance to take it this morning, when it was supposed I might have been lost in the yacht."

That seemed very probable; and Mrs. Murcher was obliged to admit that there had been no other stranger about the place, to her knowledge, except the messenger who brought Mr. Hatville's telegram. He, however, had not got out of his buggy.

"That same boy is on the beach now, gathering seaweed," said Mrs. Merriman. "At least, he was there a short time ago."

"That's good news!" cried Hatville, gayly. "Who'll go with me and point him out? We'll interview this seaweed-gatherer, who does a little side business in other people's watches!"

And Olly could hear his boots departing in haste through the corridor and descending the stairs. One or two ladies went with him to identify the supposed culprit; while others remained to discuss this last exciting revelation.

"Such a bright, interesting boy!" said one; "I should n't have believed it of him!"

"I thought him a young hero!" cried another, "to leave his work and start off to the rescue!"

"Well!" said a third, "I thought so, too. He certainly organized the whole thing; and it seems strange to me that he should have shown so much zeal to save the life, perhaps, of the very person whose watch he had just taken!"

"You can't tell much from a boy's looks, or his actions either, as to what he may do when exposed

to temptation," was the rather severe rejoinder of the first speaker.

"Not unless you know him pretty well," added one of the others.

"As we know Olly, for instance," observed some one else. "I actually believe Mr. Hatville at first suspected he had taken it."

"Absurd!" "Preposterous!" "Nonsense!" chorused all together. All which Olly overheard with feelings which can hardly be imagined by anybody not actually suffering what he suffered then.

Had the lady boarders spoken harshly or suspiciously of him, he might have hardened his heart. But their kind words made him bitterly regret that he had not kept his good reputation by frankly owning the fault, which, if discovered now, must convict him of dishonesty.

And to a boy like him,—not a bad boy at heart, by any means, as I trust you all understand,—it was a terrible thing to know that another was accused of downright theft, in consequence of his own foolish and cowardly conduct. And that one a friend,—a friend, too, who had just rescued him from danger and distress! Poor Olly almost wished he had been left to perish; that he had never reached the back of the "Old Cow," or been seen or heard of again.

All this he kept to himself, and lay with his face turned to the wall, thinking of the probable result of the charge against Perce Bucklin, and of retribution falling upon himself; when Mrs. Murcher came and pulled the coverlet carefully over his shoulder, and shut the door again gently as she went out, leaving him, as she supposed, to sleep.

"Of course they can't prove anything against Perce," he tried to console himself by thinking; for he was utterly ignorant of the astounding evidence that was to free him from the last shadow of suspicion, and fix the guilt on his friend.

(To be continued.)

THE AMBITIOUS KANGAROO.

THEY held a great meeting a king to select,
And the kangaroo rose in a dignified way,
And said, "I'm the one you should surely elect,
For I can out-leap every beast here to-day."
Said the eagle, "How high can you climb toward the sky?"
Said the nightingale, "Favor us, please, with a song!"
Said the hawk, "Let us measure our powers of eye!"
Said the lion, "Come wrestle, and prove you are strong!"
But the kangaroo said, "It would surely be best,
In our choice of a king, to make leaping the test!"

WONDERS OF THE ALPHABET.

BY HENRY ECKFORD.

SEVENTH PAPER.

GREAT was the surprise of scholars, both Hindoo and European, when certain students of old languages claimed that the letters of the Sanskrit, the classical language of India, were originally derived from an alphabet, akin to the Phœnician, used by a great branch of the great race of peoples who are called Shemites, or Semites, after one of the sons of Noah. (The Jews, Arabs, Philistines, Hittites, Phœnicians, and Aramæans are Semites.) Those students believe that the wonderful peninsula of India, which, as far back as traditions go, has been crowded with men of various colors and different tongues, received a Semitic alphabet under two forms by two different roads, and perhaps at periods far apart. They believe that there was a land road and a sea road. They trace one alphabet by land, through Bactria and Cashmere, from one fierce and intelligent nation to another; and they believe that they have traced a second alphabet from Arabia to India by way of the Red Sea. The nation that carried the latter alphabet is supposed to have been the Sabæans, an ancient people of Arabia, who were once as powerful in the Southern seas as the Phœnicians, their kindred, were in the Mediterranean.

Perhaps the word Sanskrit means nothing to you, but it is the name of an important old Oriental language. Sanskrit stands in very much the same relation to many Eastern languages as Latin does to the languages of Italy, Spain, and France. In the last century, William Jones, a Welshman of marked genius, went, like many young Britons, to India to advance his fortunes under the British mercantile government of that land. It was he who first called the attention of Europe to Sanskrit. Since his day much of its poetry and legends has been read, many of its fables and dramatic works have been translated. The word Sanskrit, means polished and perfected; and polished and perfected its alphabet certainly is. It is the most complete and most carefully devised alphabet of all those that we know. Sanskrit writing is very solid and handsome in appearance,—a stately script worthy of holding the decrees which mighty monarchs issued from courts magnificent with all the splendors of the Orient. There are not twenty-two letters as in the Phœnician alphabet, nor twenty-

six as in ours — there are forty-seven! Instead of beginning with A, the Sanskrit alphabet begins with K. Why? Because K is a letter spoken from the throat. Indian grammarians carefully noted in what parts of the throat and mouth the different sounds of their language were made, and, for convenience, they systematized their ample alphabet on this admirable plan. They put their fourteen vowels by themselves as broad, open sounds which were shorter or longer; and, taking the consonants, they placed first on the list those which are spoken from the throat, then those spoken from the palate, then those spoken from the roof of the mouth nearest the brain, then those spoken from the teeth, and finally those spoken from the lips. The list of consonants starts with those uttered low down in the throat and ends with those uttered from the lips; added to these are the soft and flowing consonants called semi-vowels — Y, R, L, and V; and after these come the sibilants, or hissed letters, and the letter H,—forty-seven in all.

The Indian grammarians who devised this complete and scientific system must have had ears almost as sharp as those of the boy in the old story who was said to be able to hear the grass growing. They distinguished between a number of consonants containing a sound of N,—between “twangs” very slightly differing in sound; and they placed them also in the order of their utterance, beginning with an N uttered from the throat and ending with one spoken with the tongue close to the lips. Our language has two or three different N sounds, but our alphabet does not distinguish them. The French language also has several N sounds not indicated by the alphabet, so that one can not hope to speak French intelligibly, still less accurately, without practice with teachers who can render the different N sounds. The Spanish alphabet tries to indicate a second N by putting a mark over the N—thus, Ñ. Then, too, we have three sounds for which our alphabet has but one letter, S; while the Sanskrit alphabet has three letters, one for each sound of S. In the alphabet, as in many other matters, the more enlightened nations of India put to shame the most advanced nations of the Western World.

Did you ever notice how, in our script, or written characters, for the sake of clearness and to keep some letters distinct from others, we have gradually come to write some of them with tall heads

above the upper line, or with long tails below the lower line? And still we are constantly mistaking an *l* for a badly crossed *t*, and a *g* for a *j* or a *y*; while some letters that do not go above or below the line, such as *m*, *n*, *i*, *w*, *u*, and *r*, are constantly confounded in rapid writing. We are so used to this confusion that we seldom think of it, and we fail to wonder why some arrangement is not generally agreed to, which would do away with it. By remembering this fact, you will avoid the mistake of thinking because our alphabet, written or printed, is so good, that it could not be better. There is great room for improvement in both departments; in the printed form, the difference between *n* and *u*, for instance, is none too great; while in writing hardly one person in ten thousand distinguishes them from each other,—which letter is meant must be guessed by the reader. But the men and women who set up type and correct proofs are much bothered by these defects in our alphabet.

The difficulty of having changes made in existing alphabets is very great, yet this is not necessarily a disadvantage. Much insight into the origin and gradual improvements of sets of letters has been gained by studying the order in which the several letters stand. The order varies greatly in different nations, and varies slightly at different epochs in the same nation. In taking the Phœnician letters, the Greeks dropped some, used others for slightly different sounds, and added a few to express sounds that were important to them or that did not exist in the Phœnician. But this was done very gradually. It never has been easy to induce people to change and improve their alphabets.

But there is another reason why men have refused to change the order of letters by inserting a new and useful letter in the place where it naturally belonged. The Greeks and many other peoples used the letters of the alphabet for numerals. We use our own numbers without stopping to think whence they came. The cumbersome system used by the Romans, and called after them, consisted of strokes (I—II—III—IIII) to indicate the four fingers, and two strokes joined (V) to represent the hand, or five fingers. Ten was a picture of two hands, or two V's (X). Among the Etruscans the half of one, or, as we put it, $\frac{1}{2}$, was \succ , which we think stood for a fore-finger crooked in order to denote the half of one finger. But when the Etruscans and Greeks worked at the higher mathematics or attempted hard sums in arithmetic, they are much more likely to have used letters, in order to avoid the clumsiness of these numerals; in other words, they used what looked like a kind of algebra. We know that they tried to simplify the Roman numerals at Rome by making four and nine with three

strokes instead of four, by placing an *I* before the *V* and an *I* before the *X* (IV and IX).

Our use of the numerals which we call "Arabic" is comparatively recent, and it is believed that the Arabs got these numbers from India several centuries after the Koran was written, or about eight hundred years after Christ. But the fact that the Greeks and others used the letters of their alphabets for numerals, caused the order in which they were written to remain fixed. If *alpha* stood for 1, *beta* for 2, *gamma* for 3, *della* for 4, and so on up to ten, then a newly coined or newly adopted letter could not be inserted without great confusion; it had to be tacked on to the end of the alphabet. So, when scholars find in inscriptions letters, adopted from another alphabet, which stand out of their natural order, they can make a shrewd guess at the century in which the inscription was made. Suppose an alphabet, which is also used for numerals, loses a letter in the course of time, because there is very little or no use for it; then that letter is still of service for a numeral, and it can not be dropped as a number, though it drops out as a letter. When it is found still employed as a numeral, it reveals some of the history of the alphabet to which it once belonged. These are only a few of many methods of determining the age of a given inscription. Old coins are very useful in settling what the alphabets of various nations were at different epochs.

Our own numerals are extremely convenient for ordinary arithmetic. Algebra, in which letters stand for numbers, is useful for abstract reasoning in mathematics; it treats of the properties of numbers in general. Whether the Indian numerals were originally part of some ancient alphabet, or a series of shortened signs originally somewhat like the Roman numerals that we still use, is not really decided.

There was a curious fashion among certain grammarians and mathematicians of Old India which may be mentioned here. They liked to increase their own importance by making knowledge hard to attain; as it imposed on their pupils, and even more on the outside world. They also wished to exercise the memories of their pupils, and keep them mindful of certain numbers and dates by means of memorizing words. In works on arithmetic and prosody, they deliberately wrote out long words which meant nothing if looked at as parts of a sentence, but stood for so many numbers if the reader had the clew. If such a grammarian wished to write the number twelve by this method, he would write down "moon, eyes"; because there is one moon and two eyes. If he wished to signify the number 1486, he would write "moon, seas, mountains, seasons"; because

in India people believed that in the world there were *one* moon, *four* seas, and *eight* mountain chains, and *six* seasons during the year. So ingenious were they in hiding plain things under an artificial system! The priestly rulers of Egypt, also moved by pride and the desire to seem learned, began at a remote period to make the hieroglyphics as hard as possible to understand. For a given word they would always choose as little known and seldom used a character as they could think of. And doubtless this did render them objects of greater reverence in the eyes of pupils and of common folk.

But to return to the numbers that we call Arabic and the Arabs call Indian. The numbers used by the peoples of India who wrote in Sanskrit were very like the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 0, that we use to-day. Even closer resemblances will be found if one goes back to the earliest forms of our numerals; for, during the last thousand years, our numbers have undergone some slight changes. We took them, as you have heard, from the Arabs, who did not employ them much

before 800 A. D.; and the use of them did not penetrate into Europe by way of Italy and Spain until four centuries later. Together with these numerals, the Arabs learned from India how to do sums by algebra. For algebra, though an Arabic word, is a science of which the Arabs were ignorant before they reached India. How long the Indians of Hindostan had used this system of notation along with their alphabet, we can not yet determine; but it is quite possible that the old grammarians who improved the Sanskrit were enabled to fashion its alphabet into so scientific an order of groups because this separate system of numerals existed at even a more remote period, and had been found handier than the signs of the alphabet. Not using their letters as numerals, they could marshal them on the best system they were able to devise, as we, too, have been able to do with our alphabet ever since we got the Indian numerals from the Arabs.

It may be said that the invention of these numerals and of algebra for the higher mathematics stamps the old Hindoos as one of the most wonderful races of the world.

(To be concluded.)



"THIS SEAT RESERVED."

THE BROWNIES AT LAWN-TENNIS.

BY PALMER COX.

ONE evening as the woods grew dark,
 The Brownies wandered through a park,
 And soon a building, quaint and small,
 Appeared to draw the gaze of all.
 Said one: "This place contains, no doubt,
 The tools of workmen hereabout,
 Who trim the vine, and shape the tree,
 Or smooth the walks, as chance may be."
 Another said: "You're quite astray,
 The workmen's tools are miles away;
 Within this building may be found
 The fixtures for the tennis ground.
 A meadow near, both long and wide,
 For half the year is set aside,



And marked with many a square and court,
 For those who love the royal sport.
 On afternoons assembled there,
 The active men and maidens fair

Keep up the game until the day
 Has faded into evening gray.
 And then the racket, net, and ball
 Are stowed away for future call."

"In other lands than those we tread,
I played the game," another said,
'And proved my skill and muscle stout,
As 'server' and as 'striker-out.'

May praise the keeper's cautious mind,
But all the same an entrance find,
And for the present evening claim
Whate'er is needed for the game."



Ere long, the path that lay between
The building and the meadow green,
Was crowded with the bustling throng,
All bearing implements along;
Some lugging stakes or racket sets,
And others buried up in nets
Until their feet alone they showed

And all the rules can quote as well
As those who print them out to sell;
The lock that hangs before us there
Bears witness to the keeper's care,
And tramps or burglars might go by,
If such a sign should meet the eye.
But we, who laugh at locks or law
Designed to keep mankind in awe,

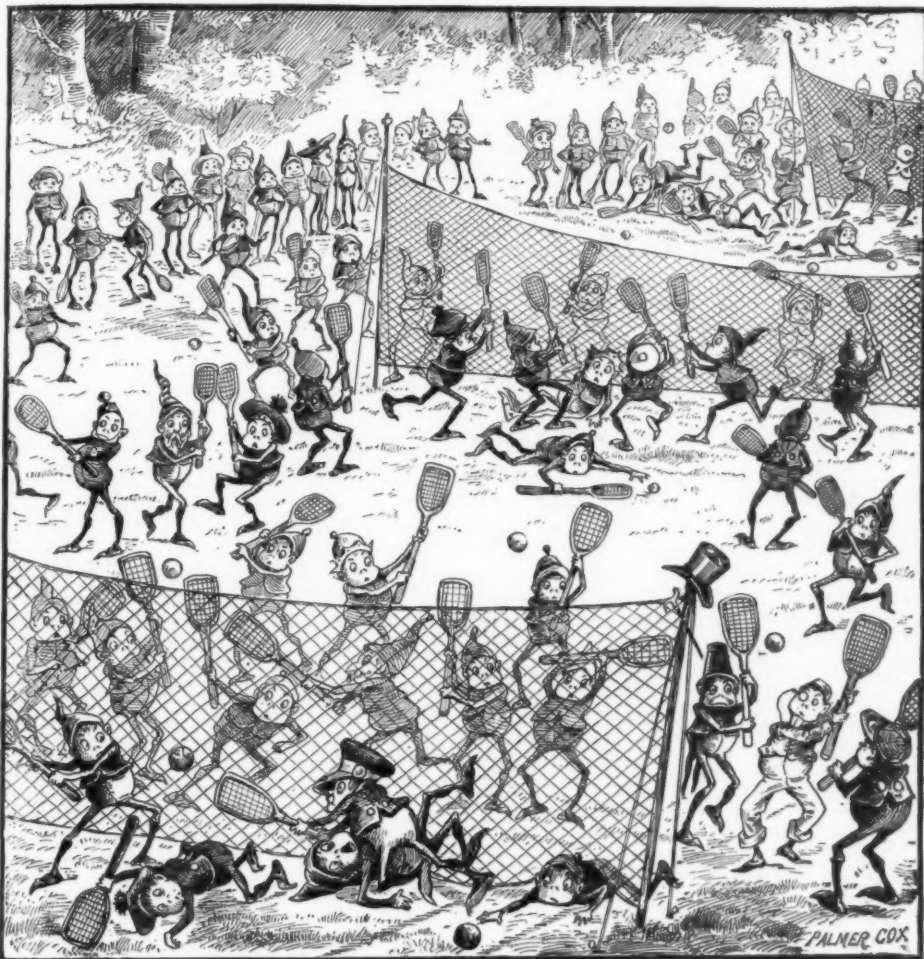
Beneath their loose and trailing load.
To set the posts and mark the ground
The proper size and shape around,
With service-line and line of base,
And courts, both left and right, in place,

PALMER COX.

Was work that caused but slight delay ;
And soon the sport was under way,
And then a strange and stirring scene
Was pictured out upon the green.

Some watched the game and noted well
Where this or that one would excel.
And shouts and calls that filled the air
Proved even-handed playing there.
With anxious looks some kept the score,

At times so hot the contest grew,
Established laws aside they threw,
And in the game where four should stand,
At least a dozen took a hand.
Some tangled in the netting lay
And some from base-lines strayed away.
Some hit the ball when out of place
Or scrambled through unlawful space.
But still no game was forced to halt
Because of this or greater fault.



And shouted "vantage!" "game all!" or
To some "love, forty!" "deuce!" to more;
But when "deuce set!" the scorer cried,
Applause would ring on every side.

And there they sported on the lawn
Until the ruddy streaks of dawn
Gave warning that the day was near,
And Brownies all must disappear.

A MATTER-OF-FACT CINDERELLA.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"OH! what a fine carriage, and what handsome horses! They are as gay as the coach and horses of Cinderella!" and the bright-faced little girl, with a glory of spring sunshine illuminating her glossy hair, clasped her bare brown hands in delight.

"It dashed by so quickly, I had not time to notice it," replied Grandma Eaton, looking over her glasses down the turf-striped country road after the rapidly departing carriage. "I wonder whose it can be? There! it has stopped. What is that for, Ella, child?"

"I don't know, Grandma, dear; but I think something about the harness has given way. See! the horses are dancing and prancing. The gentleman has jumped from the carriage. He has taken something from his pocket. It looks like a knife. Oh, yes!"

"I had good eyes once, but they have served their day," sighed Grandma Eaton.

"The horses are quiet, now," went on Ella, who had not once taken her observant eyes from a spectacle so unusual for that quiet neighborhood. "Now the strap is mended, I think, and everything is all right," added the child with a little sigh of regret; and as the gentleman drove swiftly on, she left the window and skipped out to the edge of the road, to see the fine horses prance away.

"I guessed rightly, Grandma, dear!" cried Ella as she came running back from the scene of the accident. "It was a broken strap, for here is a piece, almost torn in two, that was cut off. And here is a penny I found right under it; a bright, new penny—as yellow as gold!"

"This is no penny," said the woman, taking the shining coin in her own hand and looking at it closely; "it is an eagle. I know an eagle when I see one, although I have not had one of my own for many a day."

"Ten mills make one cent, ten cents make one dime, ten dimes make one dollar, ten dollars make one eagle! A golden eagle! Oh, how much good it will do us!" exclaimed the little girl as she glanced at her grandmother's thin shawl and at the scant belongings of their humble home.

"We are not to think of that," said Grandma Eaton, speaking so decidedly that a flush overspread her thin, worn face. "The coin belongs to the gentleman who just dropped it; and I do not doubt that a way will be opened for it to be returned to its owner. Those who seek to do right

seldom lack opportunity. Cinderella's horses and carriage pass this way too seldom to escape notice, and probably some of our neighbors will be able to tell us to whom they belong."

But all the men in the quiet, out-of-the-way neighborhood had been at town-meeting that afternoon, and none of the women folk, excepting Grandma Eaton and little Ella, had seen the fine sight. They would have remembered it almost as the figment of a dream, had it not been for the bright ten-dollar gold piece laid away in cotton in Grandma Eaton's best china tea-pot, on the top shelf of the parlor cupboard.

On the very next Monday morning after this episode, that same glossy-haired, blue-eyed Ella, with grandma's thin shawl pinned about her shoulders, made one of a bevy of girls who, with arms full of books, slates, and lunch-baskets, were drawing near a plain little brown school-house, standing in the shade of a tall, plummy pine-tree on a sandy hillside that was supposed to be exactly in the center of the Pine Meadow school-district.

"Oh, there 's a fire in the school-house!" cried Lizzie Barber; "and I 'm glad, for my fingers are cold. I was in such a hurry I forgot my mittens."

"We don't often find a fire made on the first day of school," said Abby Wood, "because the committee-man has to go for the teacher."

"He must have kindled it before he started away," said Ella, "because it has been burning some time. I can tell by the thinness of the smoke."

"That is just like you, Ella Eaton," put in Angelina Brown. "You 're always pretending to know things by what you see that no one else would ever think about. Can't you be obliging enough to look through the walls and tell us who is there? Perhaps school has begun."

"I have no way of telling that," laughed Ella, good-naturedly; "but, no doubt some of the boys are there to make first choice of the seats."

"The boys must have climbed in at one of the windows," whispered Ella. "Let us serenade them to let them know we are here."

And she began one of their familiar school songs in a clear, ringing voice, her companions at once joining in with the melody.

By this time they had crossed the waste of sand, and were at the school-house door; but, on trying to enter, they were surprised to find the stout hasp and padlock as secure as it had been through all the long vacation.

Immediately heavy footsteps were heard hurriedly crossing the school-room, one of the small windows was thrown up with a bang, and a stout, rough-looking, tangled-haired, shabby fellow scrambled out in great haste. He cast his eyes sharply about, made a rush at the group of affrighted little girls huddled together upon the broad door-stone, grabbed Ella's lunch-basket with one hand, and Angelina's dinner-pail with the other, cleared the low rail fence near by at a running jump, and was lost to sight in the woodland at the end of the field.

As the ruffianly tramp ran in one direction, the little girls, dropping all their wraps and traps, and seizing hold of hands, ran almost as fast in the other.

How far they might have gone, had they not been turned about by meeting the committee-man and the pretty young lady teacher, it would be hard to say.

The girls were sure a grim, weather-beaten tramp would be found under every desk, and two or three in the wood closet, and they could not be persuaded to enter the school until a thorough search had been made.

It was not so bad as that; but what they did find was a broken window, a fragment of bread, the teacher's chair split into kindlings and nearly burned, and a large bundle of expensive silks and laces.

The intruder had apparently either fallen asleep by the fire and overslept himself, or, not supposing that school was to begin so early in the season, had intended to make the secluded building his hiding-place for the day.

"There was a burglary committed at Willinotic night before last," said Mr. Stiles, the committee-man, "and I fancy these are a part of the spoils. A large reward is offered for the detection

and identification of the robbers; so, girls, it will be to your advantage to remember how that fellow looked."

"I shall never forget him," said Lizzie; "he was the tallest man I ever saw."

Abby was sure he was short. Angelina fancied he was lame; and Ella remembered he had a bent nose. They all agreed that he was fierce and horrid, and were equally sure they should know him if they should ever see him again.

The affair made a great local excitement; and when the goods were identified as belonging to



"THE GOLD PIECE WAS LAID AWAY IN GRANDMA EATON'S BEST CHINA TEA-POT."

the great Willinotic dry goods firm of Clark & Rogers, the girls who had enjoyed such an experience with a real burglar were the envy of all the boys in the community.

But time sped on, the nine-days' excitement had become but a memory in the dull routine of school duties, and June had arrived with its roses, when one day word came from Clark & Rogers, asking Mr. Stiles, the committee-man, to bring the little

girls who had encountered the burglar, to Willinotic, to see if they could pick him out of a number of men who had been arrested while undermining a railway culvert some days before: "There is a tall one, and a short one, a lame one, and one with a bent nose," the letter said; "so it seems that there is a great deal of material upon which the little women may exercise their memories."

"I am so glad my mother sent to New York for my gypsy hat," said Angelina. "My mother finished my blue dress last night," said Lizzie; and while Abby was telling what she expected to wear, Ella ran on ahead, fearing that she might be questioned upon the same subject, for she knew very well that nothing new, pretty, or fresh would fall to her lot. A thought of the gold eagle did cross her mind; but she bravely put it away from her.

And neither could the dear old grandmother help thinking of the gold piece when she heard that Ella had been summoned to Willinotic; but she, too, resolutely conquered the temptation, saying to herself:

"My grandchild shows her good breeding in her gentle manners and speech, and they are better than fine clothes."

The day at Willinotic was a unique experience for the bevy of little country girls. They enjoyed the hour's ride on the railway and the fine sights in the handsome streets of the large town; but the grand, white-marble court-house, where they were taken, filled most of them with a vague alarm. The sultry summer air drew cool and fresh through the long corridors, and they almost shivered as they were given seats in a lofty room, from which the glaring sun was studiously excluded. Through the half-open doorway they caught glimpses of the grave, gold-spectacled judge at his high desk; the black-coated lawyers seated at their long table in front; the witness-stand with its railing; and a pale-faced prisoner sitting beside an officer.

"There is going to be a thunder-shower," said Angelina, "and I know I shall be frightened to death."

"Let 's all take hold of hands," said Abby Wood. "I never felt so lonesome in all my life. I'm going back to the depot for fear we shall be left."

"I'll go with you," said Lizzie. "I don't remember anything about the old tramp, only that he was short — and I wish I had n't come."

"Why, Lizzie Barber," cried Angelina, "you have always said he was the tallest man you ever saw! How Mr. Stiles will laugh!"

"Well, I shan't stay to be laughed at!" half sobbed Lizzie. "Come, Ella."

"We must not leave this room, where Mr. Stiles told us to stay until he came for us," said Ella, so resolutely that her companions sat down again, although Abby whispered to Angelina:

"The idea of our minding a little girl like Ella, just as if she were the school-teacher herself!"

Happily, Mr. Stiles appeared in time to prevent another outbreak, saying:

"Come, Angelina. You may as well go in first."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Angelina. "I wish Mother had come!" And she was led away into the great court-room.

One by one Mr. Stiles came for the girls, until Ella was left alone. She curled herself up like a kitten in one of the large arm-chairs, and silently took in her unaccustomed surroundings with keen enjoyment.

"Come, Ella," said Mr. Stiles kindly. And she followed him slowly into the court-room, hearing some one whisper lightly as she passed:

"So there is another one. I wonder if her testimony will carry as much weight as that of her mates. It was foolish to expect such children, and girls too, to identify any one."

As Ella cast a slow, thoughtful look about the room, her blue eyes suddenly dilated, and, leaving Mr. Stiles's side, she walked straight up to one of the lawyers, who regarded her curiously, when, dropping a quaint little courtesy that her grandmother had taught her, she said modestly:

"Excuse me, sir, — perhaps I ought not to tell you here, but perhaps I may not see you again, — and I found your gold eagle."

"What did you say?" asked the gentleman kindly. "How do you happen to know me, little girl? And what was that about a gold eagle?"

"I do not know you, sir; but Grandma says one may speak to a stranger on business. I saw you that day — Freeman's meeting-day, it was, you know — when you drove through North Damesfield, and a strap in your harness broke. When you took out your knife to mend it, you dropped a gold eagle, and I picked it up. Grandma has it at home in her china tea-pot, and will be ever so glad I saw you, for ten dollars is a great deal of money to have in the house — when it is not your own."

It was a funny little episode to happen in the crowded court-room, and the lawyers all turned to listen; and the grave judge, from his high seat, looked kindly down upon the little girl, while a smiled tugged at the corners of his mouth and hinted of granddaughters at home.

"How do you know it was I who lost the money?" asked Mr. Gorden, with twinkling eyes.



"Why, I saw you, sir, and I could not help knowing you again."

"How was it, Mr. Gorden?" asked the judge, as if this diversion was not altogether unwelcome; and the lawyer replied:

"I did drive through North Damesfield, on Freeman's meeting-day, by the old turnpike, to avoid the mud by the river road. The harness

did break, and I feared for a time that I might have trouble with my horses; I had purchased them only two days before. I did make a new hole in the strap with my pocket-knife, and I surely on that day lost a ten-dollar gold piece. I thought, however, that it was stolen from me at the miserable little tavern where I had spent the previous night. I am so glad to find myself mistaken, that I

gladly give the gold piece to my little friend here, who, it seems to me, has a better claim to it than I have."

"Oh, sir, I thank you, but, indeed, I do not think Grandma would let me take it, because, really, it does n't belong to me at all."

"It does, if I choose to give it to you, my child," said the gentleman, smoothing her glossy curls. "And now, do you think you will be so sure of the fellow who gave you such a sorry fright, and stole your dinner, as you were of me?"

"Oh, yes, sir! If he is here, I shall know him. I saw him plainly." And, turning about as she was told, she faced the half dozen prisoners, with a little shiver. "That is the one," she said at once; "the one with his hands in his pockets. His nose is bent just a little to one side, you see. And, oh! sir! if you look at the thumb on his right hand you will see that the end has been cut off; and that the nail grows sharp and long, like a claw. I saw it when he snatched my lunch-basket, but I have never thought of it since. I seemed to see it again when I saw his face."

"That is an interesting little point, showing the association of ideas," said one of the lawyers in a low tone to another; and the prisoner whom the little girl designated was ordered to take his hands from his pockets. He refused doggedly at first; but, seeing that it was of no use for him to resist, he withdrew them, and, holding up his peculiar thumb in a defiant way, he muttered:

"The girl saw my thumb when she came in, and spoke about it because she wants to get the reward."

"The prisoner kept his hands in his pockets ever since he entered the court-room," said the sheriff.

"Not continually, I think," said one of the lawyers; and Mr. Gorden suggested:

"It may be well to put this child's memory to another test." And, turning to Ella, he asked kindly, "Are you often in Willinotic, little girl?"

"I was never here until to-day, sir," she answered.

"Do you think you would know my horses if you saw them on the street?" inquired Mr. Gorden.

"Yes, sir," said Ella, "I am sure I should know them anywhere."

"She will have her match this time, I fancy," said one of the lawyers to another in a low voice; "of course she is not prepared for the variety of teams to be seen on our main street."

A great deal of curiosity was felt in regard to this third test of the womanly little girl's memory, and the court took a recess, lawyers, judge, Mr.

Stiles, and all the school-girls going to the deep balcony of the court-house.

Ella seemed simply unconscious that the eyes of the whole party centered upon her as she leaned against the railing, holding her hat in her hand, while the wind lifted her curls and brought the color back to her pale cheeks.

There were, indeed, many fine carriages and horses. Ella was closely observant, but not confused. She did not appear to notice one team more than another until ten minutes had passed; then the color went out of her cheeks again, her eyes opened wide, and she exclaimed:

"There they come, sir! up the street—the gray with a sorrel mate. It is a different carriage, but the very same lap robe. You had it spread over a white fur one when I saw you."

"Very true," said Mr. Gorden. "Your three tests of memory are unimpeachable; and now, will you be so kind as to tell us how it happens that your memory is so much more retentive than that of most children of your age?"

"I suppose, sir," said Ella, as the others gathered about to listen, "it is because my father used to teach me that it was rude and useless to stare long at any person or anything. He said I must train my eye to see everything at a glance, and we used to amuse ourselves by looking at pictures in that way. It is just like a game; and one can play at it all alone, too. I have kept it up because I live alone with my grandma out on the old turnpike, and I seldom have any one to play with. I only had one good look at you, sir, but I saw your black eyes, your gray mustache, and the look in your face that can be stern or can be very kind."

At this, Squire Gorden's brother lawyers all laughed in concert and the grave judge smiled, for they all were familiar with the look which the little girl had so artlessly described.

The thief confessed his crime later.

"I noticed how that blue-eyed girl looked at me that morning at the school-house," he said, "and I felt, somehow, as though she would know me if she ever saw me again."

The burglar was sent to prison; and Ella not only was given the gold eagle she had found, but she also received the reward for identifying the thief. And she won so many warm and helpful friends that day at the court-house that her grandmother used often to say: "That was really a Cinderella coach and pair to you, dear. And you are a matter-of-fact Cinderella yourself, though you have no fairy godmother, such as she had."

"But I have you, dear Grandma," said Ella, "and you're worth a dozen fairy godmothers. So I'm luckier than the other Cinderella, after all!"



She Twirled upon her Tip-Toes light,
Tossed back her Tangled Tresses bright,
And cried "I'm Truly Tired of play,
I'll have a Tea-party To-day!"
She set The Table 'neath a Tree,
With Tempting Tarts, and Toast,

and Tea.
Ten Tiny cups upon The Tray,
Ten plates

and spoons in Trim array,
Ten Twinkling Tapers
Thin and Tall,

And Then The feast was ready all.
The Thrushes Filled and Twittered sweet,
The Turf was Tender 'neath her feet:
Her Tidy cap with lace was rimmed

Her Tasteful gown was Tucked and Trimmed
"Now here, am I and here's The Feast!" she cried "But who is There To eat?
I'm very Thirsty for my Tea, I Think I'll be The company."



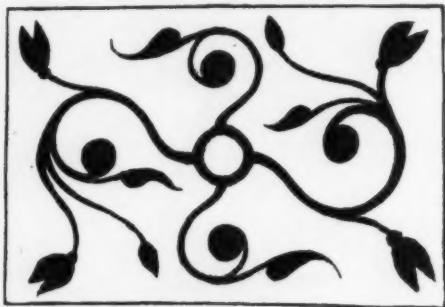
And sipping now and Tasting Then
She ate and drank for all The Ten!

WORK AND PLAY FOR YOUNG FOLK.—XVI.

VENETIAN MARQUETRY; OR, A PERFECT IMITATION OF INLAID WOOD-WORK.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

THERE are few persons who have not admired marquetry, or the sort of mosaic work made by sawing out pieces of wood of different colors and fitting them into one another. This is effected in



DESIGN FOR A PATTERN IN ONE COLOR.

three ways. The first is by simply sawing out squares, diamonds, crosses, or any pattern of which all the pieces are alike and can be fitted together. The designing of these is a very interesting exercise. I may briefly say that it can be done by drawing cross lines at equal distances, like those of a chess-board, and tracing similarly-sized pieces from them. The Arabs and Moors excelled in such designing and work.

The second kind of marquetry is made with a fret, or "jig," or scroll saw. One of these may be had for a few cents, but a good equipment for the work costs from fifty cents up to any price, according to the scale on which the pupil wishes to work. Any hardware dealer will procure a complete outfit, and there are now so many books of instruction and of patterns for the work, that it is hardly necessary for me to explain it more in detail. In a few words, it consists in taking two pieces of very thin board, of different colors, fastening the two together, drawing a pattern on a piece of paper, gumming it on to one surface, and then sawing the two out. Of course, if it be neatly done, one piece will fit into the other. Thus, if one be black and the other white, the black pattern will fit into the white ground, and the white pattern into the black ground.

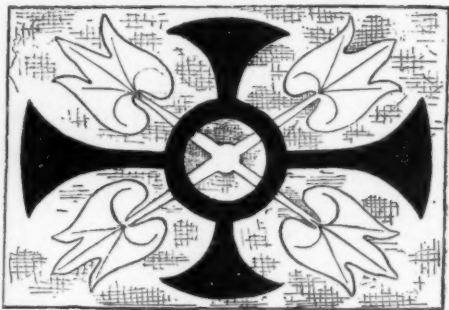
The third kind of marquetry is made with veneers, which are sheets of wood almost as thin as paper, and as the process of making it is rather difficult for amateurs, I shall not describe it here.

But there is a fourth, and far easier process,

called Venetian Marquetry, which has never, to my knowledge, been fully noticed in print; though it is so obvious a method that I dare say many have used it. Much of the old marquetry was made of white wood stained with dyes. Venetian Marquetry is a very perfect imitation of this, not to be distinguished from the sawed-out patterns. It is made as follows:

Take a thin panel, or board, of holly or any other nice white or light-yellow wood. Pine may be used when no other can be had, though it is, from its softness, the worst for the purpose. Draw a pattern on it. This may be done by tracing. Then with a knife-wheel, mark out in the wood the entire outline of your pattern, cutting in to the depth of at least one tenth of an inch. (A knife-wheel is like a pattern-wheel; that is, it is a little disk, or flat wheel, not larger than a three-cent piece, set in a handle; but the edge of a pattern-wheel is like the rowel of a spur, in sharp points, while that of the knife-wheel, or cutting-wheel, is thin and sharp. It must be very strongly made.)

Use the utmost care in marking out your pattern with the wheel. If there are corners too sharp to turn with the wheel, mark them with a thin penknife. In fact, if you can not obtain a wheel, the whole may be done with a penknife. The wheel simply makes a more even, continuous line,



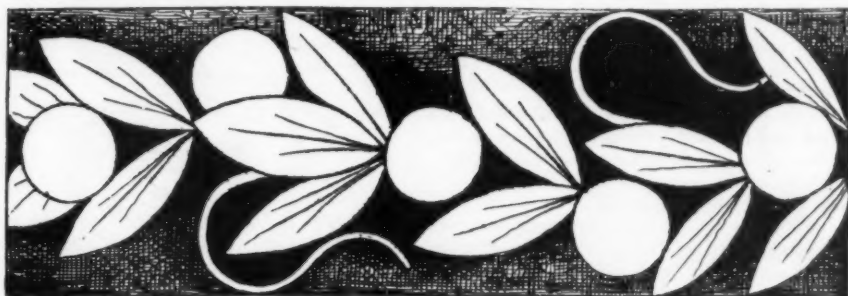
AN EASY PATTERN.

and is more convenient to use. When the partial division of the pieces is effected, paint the pattern with the dyes made for wood. Care should be taken to apply these very thinly indeed, in small quantity, to let them dry thoroughly, and then to renew them.

Warping may be prevented by carefully dampen-

ing the back of the panel, by screwing down the wood, or by keeping it pressed down by a weight

most vigorous effects with few colors and large easy patterns.



AN EASY DESIGN FOR A BORDER.

while drying. Perhaps the best way in most cases is to fasten strips across the back.

Great pains must be taken to prevent the dyes from spreading beyond the outlines. The only difference between this Venetian work and sawed-out inlaying lies in this, that the pieces of wood are not quite cut through. That is all. If they were, it would be real inlaid marquetry. As dyes were very extensively used to color much of the finest old work, it will be admitted that the chief difference between this method and that in which all the pieces are fret-sawn, is that this is by far the easier. Fret-sawing of two or three veneers is, for a young amateur, much more difficult than marking out and dyeing a pattern. And it is a very important consideration that this beautiful art or method may be employed where a variety of woods and tools are not available. There are few places where two or three cheap dyes for wood, a piece of white wood, and a thin penknife can not be obtained. Thus, even common ink thinned with water will make a slate-colored dye, while several coats will stain wood jet-black. (When the dyed surface is very dry, rub it off carefully with soft paper, renew the ink, let it dry, rub off the surface again, and then oil it.) Umber in coffee will make a brown dye. But best of all are the dyes sold for the purpose.

The channels, or fine lines cut by the knife, may be carefully closed with any kind of filler. A good one may be made by very thoroughly mixing fine varnish and flour, or by rubbing up size with umber or any other coloring matter.

A great defect in much of the old marquetry was the same fault that the Englishman found in the autumnal landscape in America, when he said, "It is very pretty, to be sure, but don't you think it's a trifle gaudy?" The old artists in wood used as many colors as they could get together; and amateurs and beginners greatly incline to this. But an artist in decorative work can produce the best and

Very good work may be made by cutting away the wood here and there, and introducing substances which can not be imitated, such as ivory or tortoise-shell, metal, jet, or mother-of-pearl. Simple round, diamond, or square figures give to the whole an appearance of inlaying.

Venetian, or solid, marquetry may be applied with the aid of stencils, to large surfaces, such as the panels of doors, and dados.

There are few arts, indeed, in which so good



DESIGN FOR A BOX-LID OR PANEL.

effects can be produced with so little labor and at so little expense as this. Even those who are unable to design or draw can, with a little thought, arrange simple patterns in attractive groups. Leaves and fruit, even without shading, are easily represented.

It is not difficult to learn to engrave, or run lines, on wood. Any one can learn to do it after a few days' practice. It is done with a small triangular-pointed tool, such as is used by wood-engravers. These gravers, of the best quality, cost fifty cents

each. The lines of leaves and flowers, and a hundred other details, look best in marquetry when they are executed in this manner. I have just been examining a piece of marquetry two hundred and fifty years old. The inlaying is the best of the work, and most of it is done in lines so as to give it the appearance of a colored engraving.

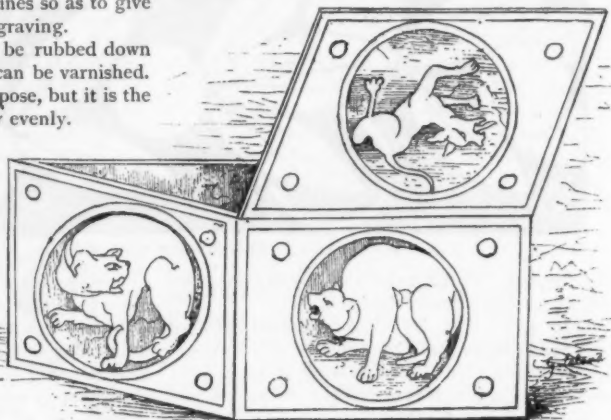
The work, when finished, may be rubbed down and oiled and polished. Or it can be varnished. Mastic varnish is best for this purpose, but it is the most difficult of all kinds to apply evenly.

There is still another kind of inlaying which is not included in the foregoing paper. To make it, take a board of hard wood, well seasoned, and lay on it a coat of thick varnish. Take the sawed-out pieces, which should be of the thinnest tortoise-shell, ivory or wood, and dispose them on the board. When the first varnish is dry, lay on, for a ground, varnish very much thickened with flour or color. When this is dry, repeat it; and so on, until the ground thus made is as high as the pattern.

When inlaying is done with pieces of stone, it is called mosaic. It will be observed that in making solid marquetry, all the difficulty is limited to marking out a pattern on a smooth piece of hard white wood, and then tracing it carefully with the point of a penknife or with a cutting-wheel. The whole work is not much harder than cutting out a picture with the point of a penknife. The dye is more apt to spread evenly if, in applying it, you first give the surface a thin wash of water.

It should be remembered that where two lines are run together in parallels, as for instance, in long stems, the wood lying between is very apt to break off. This can only be prevented by using the point of a thin penknife-blade or a very small wheel,

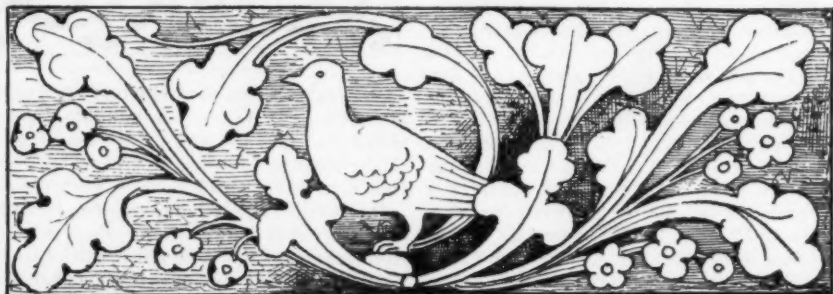
with very great care. For some work a wheel the third of an inch diameter should be used. In cases where the design is very delicate, the line need be merely scratched into the wood. Any indenting which will restrain the flow of the dyes,



A SUGGESTION FOR THE DECORATION OF A CHEST IN VENETIAN MARQUETRY.

and indicate a distinct outline is sufficient. Great attention should be paid to this. Do not expect to make a perfect piece of marquetry at a first effort.

There is a piece of Venetian marquetry in the South Kensington Museum, London, which was presented by the last Doge of Venice to Sir Richard Worsley. It last came from Apeldoorncombe, in the Isle of Wight. It is at present the property of Sir Thomas Winter. The *Court Journal* said of it, that even Her Majesty the Queen has not so fine a piece of furniture in all Windsor Castle. Its date is 1602. My attention was directed to it by a London merchant who deals solely in marquetry. And by this the reader may learn that Venetian marquetry is really capable of producing great artistic results.



A BORDER OR PANEL.



"MISS MAMIE SEZ DESE ARE 'HIGHLY CULLUD.'—I 'D LIKE TO KNOW EF DEY 'RE ANY MO' HIGHLY CULLUD DAN I AM!"



"A LESSON in Geography,
With all the States to bound!"
My boys grew sober in a trice,
And shook their heads and frowned,—
And this was in the nursery,
Where only smiles are found.

Then suddenly up jumped Boy Blue,—
Youngest of all is he,—
And stood erect beside my chair.
"Mamma," he said, "bound me!"
And all the other lads looked up
With faces full of glee.

I gravely touched his curly head:
"North, by a little pate
That's 'mixed' in 'mental' rithmetic,
And 'can't get fractions straight.'
That never knows what time it is,
Nor where are books or slate.

"South, by two feet—two restless feet
That never tire of play,
But never fail to gladly run
(Even on a holiday)
On others' errands willingly,
In most obliging way.

"East, by a pocket stuffed and crammed
With, oh so many things!
With tops and toys and bits of wood,
And pennies, knives, and strings,
And by a little fist that lacks
The glow that water brings.

"West by the same; and well explored
The pocket by the fist.
The capital, two rosy lips
All ready to be kissed.
And,—darling, now I've bounded you;
The class may be dismissed."

HURLY-BURLY.

(A Nonsense Rhyme.)

BY EMMA MORTIMER WHITE.

WHEN the Mother Goose cow jumped over the moon,
 And the little dog laughed to see,
 The horse hurrahed and tossed up his hat,
 And "whistled an air, did he."
 The camel danced the Highland fling,
 And the elephant put on skates,
 While the cat went into the butcher trade
 And charged the highest rates.
 The mackerel rode a circus colt;
 The whale leaped over the trees;
 While the catfish rode on a bicycle,
 That ran itself with ease.
 The tiger went to bed in his boots;
 The lion shot at a mark;
 The eagle banged his hair in front,
 And offered himself to a park.
 The horned owl laughed till he almost cried,
 Then cried till his eyes were dim;
 But the wisest of all was a wise old hen
 Who taught herself to swim.





WELL, my hearers, how do I find you this time? Getting ready for school, do you say? Ah, of course! Your Jack knows all about it. The season will soon begin at the little red school-house, and it will be a joy to see the bright procession that will go marching by my meadow every morning, the girls chatting and humming in the cheeriest way, and the boys all whistling gayly—whether just for the fun of it or to keep up their courage, I'll not attempt to say. And the dear Little School-ma'am—bless her!—she'll be in a perfect glow of delight!

It seems to me that the very walls of the school-houses ought to throb with pride over the wise young heads and the clear, happy voices that will soon make them echo with sounds of busy work and play. And so success to you all, my dears, throughout the whole term!

POOR LARK!

It's no longer "Up with the Lark," I hear, for that oft-praised bird gets up, it seems, altogether too late. An enthusiastic naturalist has amused himself by investigating the question at what hour in summer the commonest small birds wake up and sing. He says:—The greenfinch is the earliest riser, as it pipes as early as half-past one in the morning. At about half-past two the blackcap begins, and the quail apparently wakes up half an hour later. It is nearly four o'clock, and the sun is well above the horizon before the real songster appears in the person of the blackbird. He is heard half an hour before the thrush, and the chirp of the robin begins about the same length of time before that of the wren. Finally the house sparrow and the tomtit occupy the last place

on the list. This investigation has altogether ruined the lark's reputation for early rising. That celebrated bird is quite a sluggard, as it does not rise till long after chaffinches, linnets, and a number of hedgerow birds have been up and about for some time.

But hold! There's such a thing as overdoing a good habit. Some of these birds seem to have lost their reckoning. There's the greenfinch, for instance—the idea of getting up at the ridiculous hour of half-past one in the morning! If he keeps on, he'll soon have to begin each day on the day before! No, no! Such early risers as he are not to be imitated. So we may have to go back to the lark after all. Or there's the tomtit. He's a contented, sensible little fellow, and gets up at just the right time, I should say. Yes, let it be "Up with the tomtit!" What say you, my dears?

THOSE MOCKING-BIRDS AGAIN.

TRAVIS COUNTY, TEXAS.

DEAR JACK: I have been long acquainted with you and St. NICHOLAS. I live about two miles from Austin, the capital city of Texas. Birds of all kinds found in Texas may be seen about the place at proper seasons. Mocking-birds build their nests in the trees within a few yards, or steps, of the house. Last July, two young mocking-birds were taken from a nest of five. The two young mocking-birds taken from the nest were placed carefully in a large-sized cage, and the cage was suspended from a hook at the side of the front hall-door. The young birds were constantly and regularly fed for two weeks, night and morning, by both parent-birds, who hovered about the young ones during the day singing and frisking, and upon numerous occasions fighting off objectionable intruders and making great fluttering and noisy remonstrance when cats, dogs, or chickens appeared beneath the cage.

At the end of two weeks, the young mocking-birds then being about able to fly, the cage was taken inside the hall-way, and there hung, covered with a mosquito-bar, to protect the little prisoners from stinging insects.

In the hall-way, the old birds could not reach the young to feed them, but they would fly in and through the house; this they did for several days, and then, apparently, they abandoned our locality and their young altogether. As we thought the old birds would not return, we again placed the cage outside the house, in its first position, but on one occasion we failed to entirely cover the cage with the mosquito-bar; and that very evening, at the usual feeding-time, about dusk, both old birds were seen, for the first time since their departure. Each bird had food or poison in its beak, and each was seen feeding it to the young birds; and then they flew away and did not return. Not suspecting any danger to the young birds, we allowed the cage to remain in the same place all night.

Next morning early, we found one young bird dead in the cage, and the other barely alive, reeling and dazed as if under the influence of a poisonous weed or narcotic. Within a few hours, it too was dead. I am sorry that I lost two very beautiful birds; and I think the parent-birds poisoned the young captives, as the old birds were not seen by us again. Shall not the verdict be "guilty" instead of "not guilty"? Decide the question, Dear Jack.

Yours truly,

LOUISE A.—

No, thank you! You can't persuade me to be the judge in *such* a case. For if I should undertake to decide the question of guilt, I'd be sure to point out the fact that in every instance the poisoned birds were in cages, not in nests. And then you wise human folk would be sure to say that that was n't a fair way of stating the case, or that I was prejudiced. And perhaps I am. I'm neither a

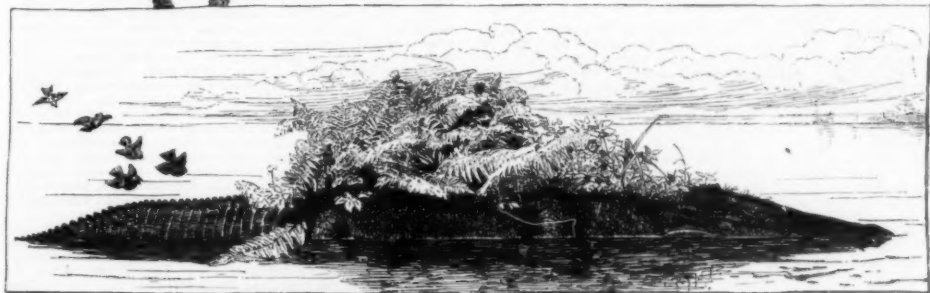
bird nor a human being, you see; I'm only Jack-in-the-Pulpit. So settle this matter for yourselves.

A LIVING ISLAND.

DEAR JACK: The alligator is not in any way an attractive animal. On the contrary, it is about as repellant in looks and disposition as any living creature very well can be. And yet in one respect, at least, it is to be envied: It can go through life without ever needing a dentist, unless it be to eat him; for it never keeps its teeth long enough to give them any chance to decay or ache or get out of order in any way. When an alligator's tooth is worn out or broken or in need of any kind of repair, it drops out, and, behold! a new one is ready to take its place. But I hardly need say that the alligator's teeth are a joy only to itself.

Another peculiarity of the alligator is its ability to sleep. Like other reptiles, it is so cold-blooded that it likes warmth and hates cold. It needs water, too, and as the dry season and the cool season come on together in Florida, there is a double reason why the Florida alligator should go into winter quarters. It buries itself in the mud after the manner of its kind and settles down for a long nap.

Sometimes it happens that grass and quick-growing shrubs spring up on the back of this torpid animal. As a rule these are all shaken or washed off when, with the first warm rains, the alligator rouses



A LIVING ISLAND.

itself and makes for the water; but occasionally, for some reason, the mud clings and with it the plant growth, so that when the half-awakened creature slides into the water and floats stupidly off, it looks like a floating island.

In one such instance, a plover was so deceived as to build its nest in the plant-growth on the alligator's back. The living island so freighted floated slowly down the stream until it was noticed by a party of boys who were out fishing. They saw the plover rise from the little island, and suspecting a nest to be there, they gave up their fishing and rowed out to it.

They never suspected the nature of the island until they had bumped their boat rather rudely into it once or twice, and so vexed the alligator that it opened its huge mouth with a startling suddenness that brought a chorus of yells from the nest-robbers, and sent them off in a fit mood to sympathize with the plover, which was fluttering about and crying piteously at the raid upon its nest.

The poor bird was doomed to lose its nest, however, for the alligator, having at last been thoroughly roused, discovered how hungry it was, and dived down in search of food, thus washing off island, nest and all.

Yours very truly, JOHN R. CORVELL.

WRONG NAMES FOR THINGS.

DEAR, dear! Here's a startling list of accusations! If any of you young wise-acres have made up your minds to write a dictionary when you grow up, here's a warning for you! Is it possible that there are so many things in the world that have been wrongly named? Just listen to this letter from my friend, M. E. L.

DEAR JACK: It is odd how names mislead. The calla lily is a calla, not a lily. The tuberose is not a rose at all. The strawberry and the blackberry are not berries. German silver came not from Germany, any more than did the Turkish bath from Turkey. French calf and Russian leather are both American. There is no wax in sealing-wax, and not a bit of bone in all the whalebone in the world. China-ware is made in our own country. Pinks are not all pink. Not every one called Black is a colored person; and how very many are called Wise who are not!

Yours truly, M. E. L.

WHO CAN ANSWER THIS?

DEAR JACK: Like the Little School-ma'am's friend, Dorothy G—, I have been reading the "Life of Longfellow," and I found in it the following extract from his diary, which has puzzled me:

"R. at tea. He gave us the following verse for finding on what day of the week the first of any month falls:

'At Dover dwells George Brown, Esquire,
Good Christopher Finch and Daniel Frier. . .

Now, can you, Dear Jack, or can some of your wise friends tell me how to discover on what day of the week the first of any month falls, by the aid of this couplet? Yours truly, M. W—.



AGASSIZ AND AUDUBON.

In many respects the characters of these two great naturalists were alike,—and especially in their affectionate gentleness and mercy. Although, in the interests of science, both were led to destroy the lives of many animals, no men were more careful to avoid needless slaughter and unnecessary pain. It was Audubon who said, "*The moment a bird was dead, however beautiful it had been when in life, the pleasure arising from the possession of it became blunted.*" This saying has become the motto of a large and rapidly growing society, organized in 1886, and known as the AUDUBON SOCIETY, for the protection of birds. This society, recognizing the increasing influence of the AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION, has sent to us a special invitation to co-operate in its work. The circular of the AUDUBON SOCIETY shows, first, the alarming rate at which our birds are being exterminated. It gives a series of startling facts; for example, "One New York firm had on hand, February 1, 1886, 200,000 skins," and it closes this paragraph as follows: "These figures tell their own story; but it is a story which might be known even without them; we may read it plainly enough in the silent hedges, once vocal with the morning songs of birds, and in the deserted fields, where once bright plumage flashed in the sunlight."

The purpose of the Society is to prevent, as far as possible,

1. The killing of any wild bird not used for food.
2. The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds.
3. The wearing of the feathers of wild birds.

The plan of work is very simple.

There are no expenses of any sort whatever. There are no conditions of age. No formal organization is required. Each one can join by agreeing to any one of the three following pledges:

PLEDGE NO. 1.—I pledge myself not to kill, wound, nor capture any wild bird not used for food so long as I remain a member of the Audubon Society; and I promise to discourage and prevent, so far as I can, the killing, wounding or capture of birds by others.

PLEDGE NO. 2.—I pledge myself not to rob, destroy nor in any way disturb or injure the nest or eggs of any wild bird so long as I remain a member of the Audubon Society; and I promise to discourage and prevent, so far as I can, such injury by others.

PLEDGE NO. 3.—I pledge myself not to make use of the feathers of any wild bird as ornaments of dress or household furniture, and by every means in my power to discourage the use of feathers for decorative purposes.

These pledges are not to be understood as hindering the signer from taking such birds, eggs or nests as he may require for scientific purposes, but refer only to wanton or mercenary destruction and robbery. Therefore no member of the AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION can feel any hesitation about allying himself also with the AUDUBON SOCIETY. Boys and girls can often do more than others to protect nesting birds.

FROM MEXICO.

We are in the State Michoacan, the Garden State of the Republic, with thirty or forty thousand inhabitants. It is a pleasant place to live in: seven thousand feet above the sea; fine air, good water, and very healthy. The corridors of the house are inhabited by a colony of birds. The female looks like the female English sparrow. The male has a scarlet breast and cap. The egg is robin-blue, with a ring of black spots around the larger end. It is called the *Corriones*. The buzzard is very common here. On a trip we took, we saw the fine Mocha coffee growing, and some of the cities could not be seen on account of the banana plants which shade the coffee. Here we have all the familiar wild flowers, and many strange ones. I belong to an Ohio Chapter of the A. A.—G. A. Harriman.

ASSEMBLY REPORT.

We hope to receive regular annual reports from all assemblies of the A. A., as well as from the individual Chapters, and have the pleasure this month, of giving the following from the Assembly of Essex County, N. J. "The first call for an Assembly meeting was sent out by East Orange, B. Four Chapters only responded.

We decided to have five delegates from each Chapter. We have meetings on the last Saturday evening of every other month, from September to June; five meetings for the year. We have reports of progress from the associate Chapters, papers by members, discussions of methods of work, and occasional addresses. We have had many difficulties to contend with, but feel that our meetings have been pleasant and helpful, and should say from our experience thus far, by all means encourage the formation of Assemblies.

Very sincerely yours, N. M. DORR.

BOSTON ASSEMBLY.

CHAPTERS 112, 729, 760, and 820 of Boston, Mass., have united for the purpose of forming a Boston Assembly.

All Chapters, in or near Boston, that would like to join, are invited to address MR. THOMAS H. FAY, Sec. of Committee, 8 N. Grove street, Boston, Mass.

DELAYED REPORTS.

551, Clinton, Iowa. We have over three hundred specimens, and a small library. We have been studying turtles, and have noticed that the eye of a turtle shuts from the bottom. We now intend to take up fishes, and as the Mississippi river is within one block of our rooms, we shall not lack specimens. We have held thirty-eight meetings, and cases of absence are rare.—Henry Towle, Sec.

567, Fort Meade, Florida.—Our Chapter of five, all of our own family, left Iowa, September 25, 1884. We came down the Skunk river to the Mississippi, thence to New Orleans, thence to Tampa, and are now living nine miles southeast from Fort Meade. We left Sigourney, Iowa, in the Ena, a Racine boat, eighteen feet long, forty-two inches beam, with water-tight compartments. We had tent and camping outfit which we carried in another boat. Our party consisted of the five members of the Chapter, and a baby, one year old. We reached New Orleans Thursday, December 4, just ten weeks from our time of starting. This includes stops at all the principal towns. Our actual running time was 397 hours. Distance, 1824 miles; average, 4.53 miles per hour; least daily distance, five miles; greatest, sixty-five. The first cotton was seen at New Madrid, Mo.; the first cane, below Grady's Landing; first Spanish moss, just below Greenville, Miss.

After being here a year, three of our number made another long excursion. Tuesday, December 1, 1885, we put our boat into Peace creek, thence to Charlotte Harbor, up the Caloosahatchie, through lakes Flit and Hicapochee, into lake Okeechobee; across the northern end of the lake, into the Kissimee river, up to Kissimee lake, then up Tiger creek into Tiger lake, whence we walked thirty-five miles home, making in the round, 700 miles, in six weeks. Once we were over seven days without seeing a soul outside our own party. One of our lady members claims the honor of being the first white woman that ever crossed Okeechobee in a small boat. In all these travels, we have never been disturbed by man or beast, and have always been treated kindly. The Okeechobee trip was made at an expense of twelve dollars for three of us. The trip down the Mississippi cost about one dollar per day for the six. This, of course, does not include cost of boats, tents, and equipage. We found it a pleasant method of travel, and many of the A. A. might enjoy something similar. My wife and two daughters made the trip, so it is within the range of young lady members, if they have a taste for such travels.—Irving Keck, Sec. "567."

568, Mendocino, Pa. We number now only four, the others having left college; but what we lack in number is made up in zeal. We study nature with a great deal more care than when we first formed a Chapter, and have spent some of our most enjoyable hours in rambling through the woods.

We send greeting to the Chapters, and say, "Long live the A. A., as one of the best schools in which any one can learn."—F. L. Armstrong, Sec.

574, Indianapolis, Ind. The future looks bright. We are all interested, and, although very lately reorganized, we hope to grow rapidly.—Tom Moore, Sec.

CONCERNING "PUFF-BALLS."

ALL our botanical friends will be interested in the following paper on the curious fungi commonly called "puff-balls"; but I must emphasize the words of caution given by Professor Trelease and warn you not to eat any puff-balls whatever, until you have been taught to distinguish the good from the poisonous, by a competent botanist, with the actual specimens in his hand. So long as you have the slightest doubt, remember the old test—"Eat one,—then if you live, it was an edible mushroom; if you die, it was a poisonous fungus!" Here is what Professor Trelease says:

I have been asked several times by the boys of the Agassiz Association to go with them on little collecting excursions, and I have always found them much interested in toadstools, and other fungi. From what I have seen on these and similar excursions, I have been led to think that if given a little idea about some of these plants a good many people would be glad to observe them more closely.

One group of fungi in particular—the puff-balls—has a great deal of interest for me. It is a very difficult group to study, and if the sharp-eyed boys of the Agassiz Chapters all over the country will be on the lookout for puff-balls this summer and fall, they can be of assistance in some work that there is much need of doing with these plants.

Every boy who lives in the country must have seen the giant puff-ball (*Lycoperdon boreale*) that grows in pastures, looking like a great white egg, sometimes nearly two feet high, set up on its small end. It is not easy to see where these curious growths come from, for they sometimes appear as large as one's fist, or larger, in the morning, in places where there was nothing of the sort the night before. Then they often grow for several days, and finally turn brown and break up into a dusty mass that at last blows away like smoke, leaving nothing but a dried, torn remnant behind.

When one of these large puff-balls is seen, scrape the dirt away carefully about it, and the secret of its appearance will be discovered; for a mass of fine white threads spread away from it in every direction. This spawn takes the place of the roots of a tree, absorbing food from the decaying leaf mold, or whatever there may be of the same nature in the ground. All of its food is obtained in this way; so that the delicate spawn-threads may spend a long time in feeding and storing up food before they give any evidence of their existence. But at last a puff-ball begins to grow; at first, very small, then larger, but never very large, until a rain may give it the opportunity to break through the sod, and then, swelling up rather than growing, it suddenly makes its appearance.

While they are young, firm, and pure white, when cut open, these large puff-balls are very good eating, sliced, seasoned well, and fried in butter, and especially if dipped in eggs and cracker crumbs. But I must caution my readers to leave other fungi alone, even if they think the specimens they find are mushrooms, for some of the fungi that look a good deal like mushrooms are extremely poisonous. Even a puff-ball soon loses its value for food, and should never be eaten after it becomes the least discolored, or offensive in smell. When this change occurs, it seems as if the plant was rapidly going to decay; but this is not the case,—it is simply ripening. For a puff-ball is nothing more nor less than the fruit of the underground mycelium, or spawn; and the dusty mass that it dries into is composed of myriads of spores, which take the place of the seeds of flowering plants. How many puff-balls there would be if every one of these microscopic spores developed! In a puff-ball sixteen inches in diameter, if they occupy only one-third of the space, there are no less than 300,000,000,000,000,000 spores,—an inconceivable number. I do not know why it is, but these spores do not germinate readily, and very few of them produce other plants. Perhaps it is quite as well, as if they all grew, there would be room for no other kind of vegetation.

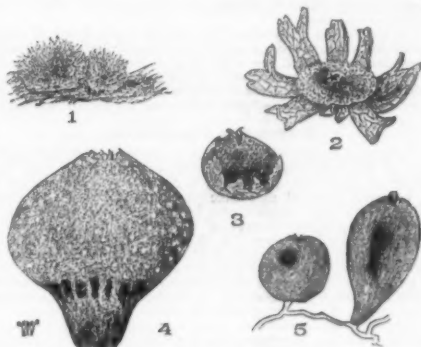
Another very good edible puff-ball is the little lead-colored species (*Bovista plumbea*), about as large as a marble, that is very common in hilly pastures. When it is young and white, it is even more delicious than the large species. With these I think I should let my bill-of-fare rest.

A few other common puff-balls are the exquisite earth-stars (*Geaster*), that are commonest in sandy places and under evergreens; the studded puff-ball (*Lycoperdon gemmatum*), very abundant on the ground in woods; the fleecy white puff-ball (*L. Wrightii*) that grows along paths in meadows; and the pear-shaped puff-ball (*L. pyriforme*), found everywhere on old logs, in tufts that are united by firm white cords.

These plants will make an interesting addition to the cabinet of a Chapter that will take the trouble to look for them and preserve them properly. They ought to be gathered in two states,—just before they open to discharge their spores, and when perfectly ripe. They must not be handled so as to rub off the mealy or warty covering that some have, and should be carefully taken home in a basket and laid in a good warm place to dry. Some of the larger species soften and become so offensive when first beginning to ripen that they may appear to be spoiled; but if put in an out-of-the-way place, where they will annoy nobody, they usually come out all right. When fully dry they should be laid in pasteboard trays or boxes, properly labeled, and put into the cabinet.

I shall be very glad to name puff-balls for members of the Agassiz Association as far as I can. Specimens sent for identification must be dried, carefully wrapped in tissue-paper, and packed with cotton or soft paper in a tin or wooden box, addressed to me as below. Each specimen sent should be marked with a number corresponding to that of the duplicate kept for the Chapter cabinet, so that my names may be given with reference to the numbers. If any specimens are to be returned, this should be indicated in the letter accompanying them, and the proper amount of return postage included.

WILLIAM TRELEASE,
Shaw School of Botany, St. Louis, Mo.



1. FLEECY WHITE PUFF-BALL. 2. BEECH EARTH STAR. 3. LEAD-COLORED PUFF-BALL. 4. STUDDED PUFF-BALL. 5. PEAR-SHAPED PUFF-BALL.

NOTES.

Frogs' Eggs. I think I can tell Mrs. N. B. Jones (see April number) what her "jelly-like mass" was. Last spring our boys brought home similar masses, some globular, some in strings. We put them in water in a sunny place. In less than a week we had tiny tadpoles swimming about. Unfortunately the curiosity concerning them was so great that they were continually lifted from the water, and after a few weeks all died. We thought the eggs must have been frogs' eggs, but we had two or three varieties. I hope to repeat the experiment, and continue it long enough to see exactly what animal will develop.—Mrs. J. C. Kinear, Sec. Ch. 598.

Mocking-bird. One or two subscribers have stated through "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," that the mocking-bird, (*Mimus polyglottus*) is not guilty of poisoning its young; but I have positively seen it done. The birds will feed their young for a while and when they find that it is impossible to get at them through the wires of the cage, they bring a poisonous red berry, which the young eat. I can furnish the signatures of six or eight persons who have seen this with their own eyes.—P. L. Benedict, Sec. 331.

[This establishes the fact that mocking-birds have brought berries believed to be poisonous, to their young. But it is unsafe, as I have before shown, to infer the bird's motives from its acts. We can not know that the bird changed the diet of its young "because it could not get at them," nor do we know that it knew the deadly nature of the berries. A jury could not convict of murder.]

Devil-fish.—*And Ostriches.* Last summer we saw a devil-fish of the ray family, genus *Cephaloptera*. It had something like great wings on its sides. These were called pectorals. From tip to tip across these it was sixteen feet, four inches, and from head to junction of tail, eight feet six inches. Its tail was about two feet long, and not more than an inch in thickness. A flour-barrel was put in its mouth.

We had also, fortunately, an opportunity of seeing thirty-six live ostriches. They belonged to Dr. Sketcherly, who bought them in Port Natal, and was taking them to his ostrich farm in Los Angeles, California. We noticed that the males were all black, with white tail and wing-feathers, and pink bills; while the females were gray, with white tail and wings like the males, and black bills, which were triangular, with one end rounded off, and not duck-bill shaped, as I have read. Their legs resemble those of a horse, only they have two toes. Their eyes were large, dark, and mild. Two males were said to be very dangerous. A whole turnip was picked up and swallowed by one of them, and it was quite surprising to see it gradually turning from the front of his neck around to the back portion of it, and finally disappear suddenly into his back between the wings, where

the crow was said to be situated. Five natives were in attendance. Their features were regular, and their complexion dark brown; they had straight, black hair. One of them spoke English.—Mrs. E. E. Walden, Galveston, Texas.

Buttercups. I have noticed that buttercups often make a mistake and grow six petals, instead of five.—C.

[Such variations are common. I have seen trilliums with four parts throughout; *Houstonias*, with five and six divisions; and *Hepaticas* completely double, like tiny roses.]

Bees. A simple remedy for honey thieves. A gentleman who owns a bee farm discovered a large swarm of bees stealing honey from one of his smallest hives. The latter, because of their inferior numbers, were unable to protect their stores, and he tried various methods to aid them.

One day, at the suggestion of a friend, he laid a branch of asparagus before the entrance, completely concealing it from the eyes of the marauding bees, which flew wildly around, searching in vain for the opening, while the occupants of the hive, having made their exit through the asparagus, knew what lay behind it, and afterward stored their honey unmolested.—Agnes Lydon, Sec. Milwaukee Chapter E.

MINUTES OF A GOOD MEETING.

"MEETING called to order at 1.30 P. M. For the benefit of new members, an explanation of the organization of the Chapter (No. 331) was given, also of the origin of the A. A. The hand-book of the A. A. was then reviewed, each topic taken up and explained, portions of the constitution, by-laws, etc., being read. Next came the report of the secretary. Next, that of the treasurer. The question, 'Ought the English sparrow in this country to be considered an American bird?' was decided in the affirmative. Then came the election of new members. Three were elected. The revised copy of by-laws was then signed by all present. Secretary then read extracts from the A. A. columns of ST. NICHOLAS, and explained about 'centuries.' He also read from the reports of other Chapters. A motion was then made that some one member bring in at each meeting an essay. Secretary then read annual report to be sent to Lenox. Approved. The next step was the paying of initiation fees by the new members. The treasurer was authorized to send to Lenox for a 'charter.' The questions in ornithology in December ST. NICHOLAS, and the answers to same in March number, by Percy L. Benedict, Sec. 331, were read by the Vice-President. Next came a chemical experiment on the nature of flame,—the three cones, luminous, semi-luminous, non-luminous. A bent glass tube was thrust into the non-luminous cone and lighted at the other end,—a proof that the gas around the wick was not ignited."

Question for next meeting, "Which is the most useful animal?" Meeting adjourned at 2.50 P. M.—Percy L. Benedict, Secretary.

KIOTO, JAPAN.

I was unfortunate enough, last March, to have all my letters, letter-book, hand-books, and other matter relating to the A. A. as secretary of Chapter 789, burn, together with everything else in my house, and the house itself. I have thus lost the addresses of some persons who had written to this Chapter. I mention this only to explain to those

who might otherwise have occasion to think this Chapter negligent, the reason we can not answer them, unless they will have the kindness to write again.—C. M. Cady.

Every member of the A. A. will regret to hear of the misfortune that befell Mr. Cady in the burning of his house. Doubtless those members who had written to the Japan Chapter will now write again.

EXCHANGES.

EVERY collector is invited to send for my exchange list.—S. O. Pindar, Hickman, Ky.

I wish to correspond with all Chapters intending to raise silk-worms next year.—Chas. A. Jenkins, Sec. Ch. 447, Chittanooga, N. Y.

Mr. L. L. Goodwin, Daisy, Tenn., will exchange fragments of ancient pottery, arrow-heads, stone axes, and tomahawks—genuine and scarce; write first. I specially desire a large star-fish, entire jaws of a shark, a large lobster, and jaws and teeth of sea-fishes.

CHAPTERS, NEW AND REORGANIZED.

No.	Name.	No. of Members.	Address.
972	Anadarko, Ind. Ter. (A).....	4.	Charley A. Reynolds.
234	New York, N. Y. (G).....	4.	Miss Isabella Roelker, 237 W. 51st Street.
63	East Dennis, Mass. (A).....	20.	Harry E. Sears.
535	Hallowell, Maine (A).....	4.	Miss M. Lillian Hopkins.
40	Sauquoit, N. Y. (A).....	12.	Miss H. Josephine Campbell.
156	Peoria, Ill. (A).....	5.	W. T. Van Buskirk, 111 Penn. Ave.
973	Ludington, Mich. (B).....	13.	Miss Emma Gaudette.
592	New York, N. Y. (P).....	4.	Miss Cecilia A. Francis, 54 W. 58th Street.
974	Richmond, Va. (C).....	4.	Miss Rebekah N. Woodbridge, 8 E. Franklin St.
193	Providence, R. I. (A).....	5.	Harry I. Griffin, 110 Carpenter Street.
250	Houghton, Mich. (A).....	36.	Morton C. Getchell.
16	Kerr City, Florida (A).....	6.	Miss Emma Hammond.
165	Norwalk, Ct. (A).....	6.	Mr. A. Quintard.
705	Philadelphia, Pa. (Y).....		Miss Edith Earpe, 641 N. 43d Street.
723	Hopkinton, Mass. (A).....	5.	Geo. W. Chandler.
841	Montclair, N. J. (B).....	4.	Mr. Wm. Hollins, Box 277.

DISSOLVED.

458	Haverhill, Mass.....	F. H. Chase.
680	Manlius, N. Y.....	Geo. C. Beebe.
930	San Francisco, Cal.....	H. H. Loy.

NOTICE.

SECRETARIES of Chapters 701-800 are requested to send in their reports as soon as Sept. 20 as possible.

All are invited to join the Association.

Address all communications for this Department to Mr. HARLAN H. BALLARD, LENOX, MASS.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first letter I have ever written you. I like your stories very much; the best one of this year, I think, is "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Only I did not like to have the new Lord Fauntleroy coming in to take his place. I hope Mrs. Burnett will have the Earl buy the new Lord Fauntleroy out.

Your interested reader,

MARY G—

CLIFTON, NEAR BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are an English family with big and little members in it. Whenever ST. NICHOLAS comes there is a great rush for it. We think it much better than any of our English magazines. We live near the Suspension Bridge, which is 254 feet above the river. Our horses eat sugar, apples, and salt out of our hands. One is called Howard, the other, Chester. We hardly ever get any ice here, and very little snow. We think that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a real good story; it is very like English life. We enjoy the letters from the little American boys and girls very

much. Please print this letter, as it comes a long way—from England. I am a big member writing for the rest of our family.

Always your faithful readers, THE SPARKE FAMILY.

B: The story you name is founded on an actual tricycle journey by a group of friends.

"CORTLANDT," OMAHA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen any letters from Omaha, in your delightful pages, so I think I must write, and hope you will print this letter. My mother and I think that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the most beautiful story we have ever read, and we have persuaded my father to read it, and he enjoyed it as much as we. My mother thinks Cedric will die before the end, but I hope not. I do not go to school, but I take French lessons of such a jolly little American "Mademoiselle!" Would it not be fun for a certain number of boy and girl readers of ST. NICHOLAS to send a list of five or ten of their favorite books and the authors' names to you, and be printed? I hope this letter is not too long to print.

Your loving friend,

MEMIE C. W—

CHRIST-CHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to get a letter from New Zealand, as I don't think you have had one from such a long way. We have had your magazine for two years, and we all like you very much and look forward to getting you from the book-sellers every month; and I am afraid we sometimes squabble over it, as we are three children and we all want it at once. Margaret, my eldest sister, generally gets it first because she can cut it best. We have a nice pony, and we call him Joe, or Joseph, because he is a piebald and has a coat of many colors. The rabbits are so bad in New Zealand that we have to keep ferrets to kill them. Father has a station, or sheep-run, with 28,000 sheep, and we are afraid of the rabbits overrunning it and eating up the grass, so father says I must bring up all my young kittens to be turned out on the run to kill the rabbits. We went to England when I was four, and I liked it very much, and was so pleased to see Granny and the aunts; but, oh, dear, the voyage made me so sick! Now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, I hope you will find room to put this in your magazine some day. Good-bye.

Your devoted reader,

ADINE ACTON A—

PARIS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl, but I am in Europe now, with my mother. We were in London the other day, and I went to Madame Tussaud's wax-works. The figures are, perhaps, better than those of the "Eden Musée," but the likenesses are simply miserable, especially Washington's, which resembles "Bunthorne," in "Patience"; and Lincoln, who was a much taller man than the late General Grant, was represented as a much smaller one.

Your very loving

PAQUERELLE.

NEW YORK.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time I have ever written to you, although I have taken you for thirteen years,—ever since you were published,—and have quite often thought of doing it. I am only a New York girl, and can not write you about lovely scenery and stirring events like the girls and boys who live at a distance, but can only say again and again how dearly I love you, and how eagerly I look for you every month.

I have enjoyed the series "From Bach to Wagner" as much, as I am very fond of music and take violin lessons. I like "Little Lord Fauntleroy" better than any story you have had in a long time,—but Mrs. Burnett is always delightful,—and it makes it so nice to have it illustrated by Mr. Birch, whose drawings I admire greatly. I hope you will not find this letter too long to print, or consider me too old to be one of your admirers, as I am not yet seventeen. I do not belong to the A. A., much to my regret. I used to be a member of the "Town and Country Club," but had to give it up for want of time. Good-bye, dear ST. NICK, and believe me,

Affectionately yours,

AMETHYST.

PORTLAND, OR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for nearly three years, and think you are very nice. I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and the "Brownies" are splendid. I like to read the Letter-Box. I am eight years old and have lived in Portland nearly five years; and I go to see my grandpa in the East sometimes. I have crossed the continent five times, and my Mamma says, have spent about five weeks of my life in a sleeping-car.

Yours truly,

LOUISE K. S.

16 CARLTON ROAD, FITZHUGH, SOUTHAMPTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are very fond of you; we jump for joy when you come each month. We have taken you for two years in Buenos Ayres; now we are living in England, but in a little while we are going to Geneva; but wherever we are, we hope to see you. Our favorite stories are: "His One Fault," "Oh, Dear," "The Brownies," "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Mother likes "Personally Conducted." This is the first letter we have written; we should like to see it printed.

Your little friends,

BELLA, WILLIE, AND MIDGE.

LIVERPOOL, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old. I have a little sister and a baby brother. My little sister Enid thinks the "Brownies" going to the "surtus" is the best. I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is very nice. We have a big mastiff dog named Zippo. He weighs one hundred and forty pounds. He came from England when he was eighteen months old. He was raised by an earl. Perhaps it was Little Lord Fauntleroy's grandfather. I hope you will print this in your Letter-Box.

Your constant reader,

BESSIE C.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have neither of us ever written to you before, but now we want to tell you something. We were seated at our desks in school, when the door opened and the principal entered, followed by four great Indians. None but the interpreter could speak English. They were dressed in citizens' clothes, so were not so interesting as they might have been. The next day several of us sent our albums to them, and the interpreter wrote the names of each, and then he whose name was signed, made his own cross underneath. Three of their names are:

"Young Prophet."

"Stiff Wing."

"Young Bear."

Your devoted readers,

ED. AND KITTIE.

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My age is twelve years, and I am so fond of my mother; so I must tell you how much we are all pleased with "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and his "Dearest" mother.

My father is an Englishman, but we live in this country; we all love the Queen, and we have a very high regard for the President and this Government.

My father has been a great fisherman, and has fished in many waters in this country; one time he caught a large pickerel, and the boy that was rowing the boat had no shoes on, so when the large fish was drawn in the boat it had its mouth wide open, and it sid to the boy's foot and came near decapitating his big toe. Another time he hooked a large rock fish, and it pulled him in the river, out of the boat, and he came near drowning.

We all love the ST. NICHOLAS, for the many, many pretty stories you give us. Now, "Dearest" No. 2, I will say good-bye.

JAMES LARDNER H.

BANGOR, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am reading the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and I like it very much. I do not like the grandpa very much; yet I think when the grandpa sees Lord Fauntleroy's mother, he will like her, and have her come up and live with them.

L. C. B.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I often thought I would like to send you some of my poetry, and will inclose a piece that I composed last September, while sailing my boat at Barnegat. I am eleven years old, and have been writing poetry and stories for several years. I would be so much pleased to see this letter and poem printed in ST. NICHOLAS, and if you do not like this poetry I could send you other pieces called "The Frisky Calf," "Blacksmith's Song," "Rivuletta," etc. Good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

Yours truly, ELLEN N. L.

THE FATHOMLESS DEEP.

SHIPS have gone down, and bags of gold,
And copper and silver and riches untold
Lie on the bottom of the fathomless deep,
Where so many souls have gone to sleep.

Ships have gone down with lively crews,
And there is no one to tell the sad news
About how many souls unwillingly sleep
On the bottom of the fathomless deep.

Lobsters and crabs and fishes all,
From the big whale down to the minnow small,
And porpoises frolic and jump and leap
In the waters of the fathomless deep.

The waves break with a rush and roar
Upon the sands, as they did of yore;
And often and often people weep
For the souls that have died in the fathomless deep.

Sailors sail on the ocean green,
And will continue to do so, I ween;
For they won't take warning from the souls that sleep
On the bottom of the fathomless deep.

BARNEGAT CITY, N. J., Sept. 11, 1885.

"A JEWEL":—Your little story is very clever, as the work of a girl of your age, and we should gladly print it in the Letter-Box if there were space for it. But we are sorry to say that we can not possibly make room for the story in our already over-crowded columns.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American boy, living in Paris; I do not like it much here. I have been to the Louvre several times since I have been here, and the delightful "Stories of Art and Artists" have a double interest, for when I go to the Louvre I can look for the works of artists mentioned in those stories. I have seen the picture of Mme. le Brun and her daughter there, and it is beautiful. I have seen also a good many of David's. I am eleven years old, and have two sisters and one brother, all younger than myself, and we all wait for you with impatience. I have taken you now for three years, and to part with you would be like parting with an old friend.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the nicest next to "Art and Artists." I think I go to a school with over eleven hundred boys. I leave the house at ten minutes of eight, in the morning, and I do not get home until six at night.

I hope you will print this, as it is my first letter. Now, with much love to you and the Little School-ma'am, I remain,
Your constant reader, J. H. T.

In the article in our last number, entitled "A Royal Fish," the author stated that in this country a salmon weighing fifty pounds was considered a very large one. But a correspondent now sends us the following item describing a salmon which weighed seventy-two pounds. No salmon of this weight, however, has ever been caught with a rod on the American side of the ocean. Here is the item:

"Crowds of well-dressed people, men and women, went to Fulton Market yesterday and looked at an enormous salmon which was on exhibition. Mr. Blackford, to whom it belonged, had put a row of big strawberries along its back and stuffed green moss into its capacious mouth. The fish came from the Dalles, a noted fishing place on the Columbia River, Oregon. It measured fifty-two inches from its nose to the tip of its tail, was twelve inches broad, and weighed seventy-two pounds. It was caught in a net."

BALATON FURED.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much and most of all Sophie Swett and Frank Stockton and Miss Alcott and Mary Mapes Dodge. I am a little English girl, and I live in Hungary. We are going away in the spring, and father has gone already.

Your loving reader, KATHLEEN YOUNG.

BALATON FURED, HUNGARY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I feel I must add a few lines to my little daughter's note, to tell you that, as she is suffering from spinal complaint, she is obliged always to lie on her back; so to her—cut off from so many of the pleasures of stronger children—you are doubly welcome. Indeed, we all are very partial to you; your magazine has the distinction of being the most shabby book on our book-shelves. In our home, as no doubt in hundreds of others, you are a household word. Kathleen begs you, if you have room, to print her letter. With every good wish, very truly yours,
MARIA YOUNG.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old, and have been taking you for several years. I like you better than any other magazine. I have a brother twenty-one months younger than I am, and we look very much alike, and wear the same kind of clothes. He said he had a dream the other night, which he thought was very funny. He dreamed we were playing near the State Department, and a man told him not to get on the grass or he would whip him. After a while he dreamed that I came along and got on the grass, when the man caught me and whipped me by mistake, thinking I was my brother. He thought the dream was very funny, but I did not see the fun in it.
Yours affectionately, CHARLES C.

WASIOJA, MINN.

DEAR OLD SAINT: Although my brothers and I have taken you for nearly ten years, this is the first letter I have written you. I want to thank you for Mr. Stockton's valuable "Personally Conducted" series, and also for Mr. Scudder's "George Washington." Mr. Stockton's "Personally Conducted" makes me feel as if I had visited the places he describes.

I am, and always shall be, an interested reader. FRED. J. S.

GARDINER, MAINE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been your constant reader since I was a very little girl, and you are still my favorite magazine, although I read many others. Last summer I tried a string house, but not as you described, for it is impossible to make morning-glories grow under a tree, as they need a great deal of sun. My house was shaped like a tent, with sloping sides, and outside of the morning-glories I planted a border of nasturtiums, but although I began

it early, planted the seeds very thick, and took the greatest pains with it, it did not succeed, and I don't think I shall try it again, as the season here is probably too short. But I should advise any one who intends making a string house not to make it under a tree, but on a frame in the open ground. I think it is a great pity you don't come more than once a month (and I am sure all the rest of your readers will agree with me), I am so much interested in Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy." I hope you will have another paper on "Historic Girls" soon. I have no pets, as a great many of your readers seem to have, except a very small aquarium, but have in place of them three collections, which I have collected almost entirely myself, and am much interested in. The first, and most interesting to me, is one of birds' eggs, the second, moths, insects, and butterflies, and, last but not least, a small collection of minerals. I hope you will find room to print this, but I suppose it is hard to choose among all the letters that must be sent to you.
Your constant reader, AMY R.

HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written you a letter before, but when I was looking over the letters in the ST. NICHOLAS (for which I have lately become a subscriber) I did not see any letter from Honolulu, so I thought I would write you one about the volcano in Hawaii, which you know is one of the Hawaiian Islands. Well, about three weeks ago we heard that the bottom of the volcano had fallen in. We were afraid that we would have some severe earthquakes or, perhaps, a tidal wave; some thought the islands might all sink, but nothing of the kind has occurred. Mr. S—, a photographer, was the first to see it; he had been let down by ropes, and was standing on a ledge taking photographs of the crater. The volcano was unusually active. He took the photographs, and just as he was taking one he saw the whole thing caving in. First the bottom fell out and then the sides fell in, and down it all went, leaving nothing but a bottomless hole. No sooner was he hauled up than the ledge on which he had been standing fell in.

Yours truly, HENRY W.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for ten years. We stopped for one year, and we could not do without you, so we have commenced again. I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is a beautiful story. I have never seen a letter from this province before. I hope to see my letter in print. Your constant reader, BESSIE G. T.

ATLANTA, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy from the South, and have only gone to school a few months; but as my mamma says I must some day be a Governor, and my grandma expects me to be a President, I will commence with ST. NICHOLAS. I will be satisfied if I am ever as wise and good as was Mr. Paul Hayne, our poet, who died last summer.

He had a splendid horse named Dick. Often, when he would ride out in the woods to compose a poem, he would take me with him if I would promise not to speak a word, and I know it was harder for me not to speak than for him to write the poem. ALBERT A.

We acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of pleasant letters from the young friends whose names here follow: Raynor Brothers, Eva Campbell, Emma C. Tate, Cara Sanford, Bessie Bradenbaugh, L. C., May, "Harry's Mother," Bessie L. Lake, Ernst C. Bernbaum, Mary P. F., John Keiso, Annie Howard, Fawn Evans, Willie C. Hardy, Millicent R., Alice D. Leigh, George B. Stratton, Frank M. Crispin, Alfred B. Cushing, Flossie, Emily Innes, Reno Blackstone, Mollie Orr, Lottie E. W., Violet A., Maudie Brown, Florence H., Kitty Russell, M. S. R., Emma T., Eloise L. Derby, A. J. S., Grace F. Schoff, Maude Jackson, Fanny H. Murdock, Rosa R. A. & Rudie E. B., Genevieve D., Ettie Coombs, Roy Strong, Bertha Parsons, Maud T., Olive S. Stewart, Pansy O'Donnell, "Katisha," Cora Hoyt, Elizabeth K. Stewart, First Ward School, Charlotte Dennison, Dollie M. Brooks, Bessie Roberts, Anna D. W., Charles P. Clark, M. E. R., Matty J., Florence A., Florence V. Thorpe, Roland Wilber, Gertie Doud, Nellie & Ninita, Josie M. Merghau, A. B. Baylis, Jr., Audley & Ronald, Ella H. W., W. le bas T., Emma Willcutt, Dot, Evan, & Brooks, S., Lucy Hathaway, Lucy P. K., Kathleen, T. C., Constant Reader, Geraldine, Maud Elaine Caldwell, E. Parks, Amy H. Silvester, Winnie Galloway, Henry J. Parsons, Tryphosa, Theodosia, Tryphena Van—, E. C. N., Harry Armstrong, Charlie P. G., Beth M., Walter Bassett, W. L. Briscoe, Constance R., Nellie B. R., Emilie K., Wennie B. Dorrance, O. W. G., Dodey Smart, Mary & May, Duncan Kilborn, Annie Russell Anthony, and Minnie R.



iv



MARTHA WASHINGTON.

FROM AN UNFINISHED PORTRAIT BY GILBERT STUART. ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY W. B. CLOSSON.

(See page 912.)